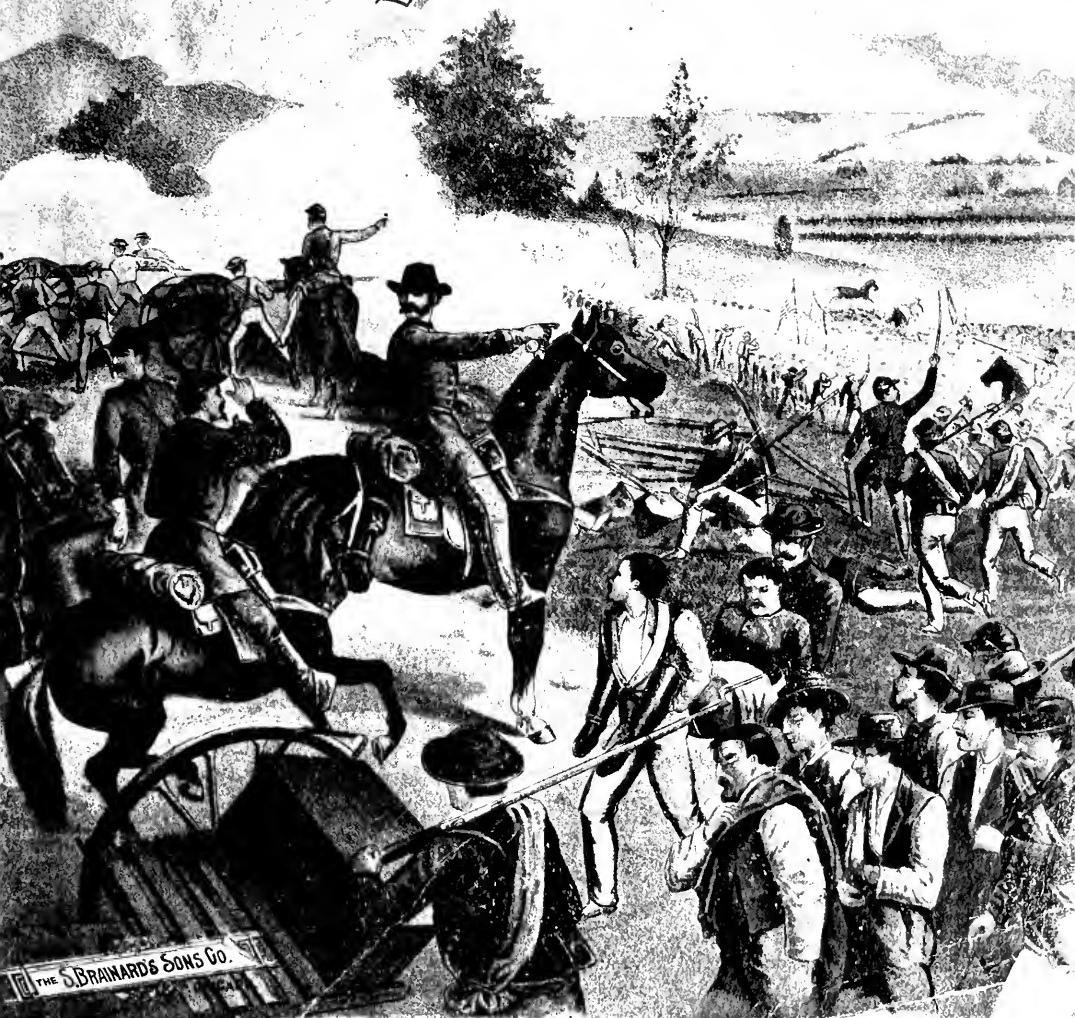


PRICE ONE DOLLAR

# Our National War Stories



THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.











# OUR NATIONAL WAR SONGS

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF

Grand Old War Songs,  
Battle Songs, National Hymns,  
Memorial Hymns,  
Decoration Day Songs,  
Quartettes, etc.

WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR

PIANO OR ORGAN



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## DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.

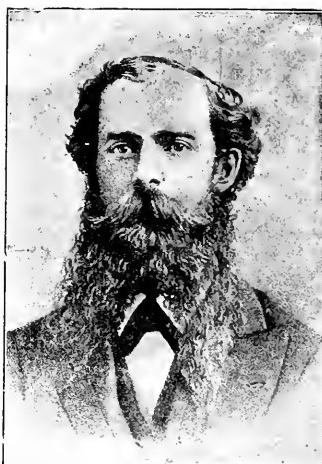
Foremost in the ranks of American war song writers stands Dr. Root, who was born in 1820, at Sheffield, Mass. These songs gave Dr. Root wide-spread reputation, which will endure as long as people interest themselves in the popular songs of this country. Mr. Root attended the district school, but his mind leaned more towards music than books. He early picked up all the instruments he could get hold of, and attempted to master them. He was a lover of the beauties of nature, and the lovely scenes of his home in the Housatonic Valley failed not to impress his imaginative and poetic mind. His love for music developed year after year, until it became the one absorbing passion with him. The farm became too quiet and appeared too small for him; he longed to enter the great world without and beyond; in short, he craved distinction and honor. When about eighteen years of age he left his native home and went to Boston in search of better musical instructions, aspiring at the same time to make music his life's work. Fortune smiled upon him, for he soon found employment with A. N. Johnson, then a teacher in the Hub. He took young Root under his care, examined his gifts, and being pleased with them he gave him not only employment, but also a place at his own fireside. A little later the young country musician became a partner in Mr. Johnson's school. Being of an active turn of mind, Mr. Root now increased his field of usefulness and his financial income by acting as leader of several choirs. About five years later he went to New York, having been invited there by Jacob Abbott, the principal of the Abbott Institute. His reputation as teacher spread so rapidly that soon he was invited to give instruction in several other institutions of the same kind. The desire to see Europe and to drink in the wisdom of the best teachers there, prompted Dr. Root to cross the Atlantic in 1850. He remained abroad only one year, but despite the shortness of his stay he made very rapid progress. About this time he began writing songs, which became very popular. His talents attracted much attention, and he was invited by Messrs. Mason & Bradbury to join them in the making of church music books. He now retired from the field of teaching, and devoted himself to composing music and to holding conventions. In 1860 Dr. Root settled in Chicago. He entered the music publishing business with Mr. Cady, and the newly formed firm soon became well-known all over the country. It was however, mainly Dr. Root's connection with the business that gave it its reputation, and the popularity of his songs made it rich. He afterward wrote larger works, completed new church music books, and wrote many new songs. When the war broke out Dr. Root was deeply affected by public events, and this produced the many war songs, which at once became popular, and which never have lost their popularity. Great upheavals always arouse popular sentiment, and when talented men's minds and hearts are effectually stirred they usually produce that which is great, while the public is always ready at such times to take up that which expresses public sentiment. It is a great privilege thus to draw near to the public heart, even if the productions that come from our pens are humble when viewed in the light of art. One of his earliest efforts was the famous "Battle-Cry of Freedom," which was sung by the then well-known Hutchinson family at a great mass meeting in New York in 1861. It was at once liked and was repeatedly called for by the people. Since then it has never lost its hold on the Northern populace. The great Chicago fire entailed a loss of about \$200,000 to the firm of Root & Cady, and this loss was too great for it to stand. The firm was compelled to sell out, and the entire stock of plates was purchased by S. Brainard & Sons. Dr. Root still lives in Chicago; though advanced in years, he is still active as a writer and composer. His was indeed a busy life. May he live to enjoy his spotless reputation for many years to come.



DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

## HENRY CLAY WORK.

The subject of this sketch, Henry Clay Work, named after the eminent statesman, Henry Clay, was born in Middletown, Conn., October 1st, 1832. He came from a sturdy New England parentage, and while quite young moved to Illinois, near Quincy, where his parents settled. He passed his boyhood days almost in want, his father having been taken from home and imprisoned owing to his strong anti-slavery views and active participation in the struggles of his party. In 1845 his father was pardoned on condition that he would leave the State. The family then returned to Middletown with the exception of Henry, who remained for a year longer in Illinois and then joined his family in Connecticut. After a few months' advantages at school in Middletown, Henry was apprenticed to Elisha Geer, of Hartford, to learn the printer's trade. He never had music lessons except in a church singing school for a short period, but poetry was his every-day thought, and many little poems from his pen found their way into the newspapers during his apprenticeship. His first song was written in Hartford and entitled "We're Coming, Sister Mary," which was sold to George Christy, of Christy's Minstrels, and became quite popular. In 1855 he removed to Chicago and there continued his trade as a printer. The following year he married Miss Sarah Parker, of Hubbardton Mass., and settled at Hyde Park. In 1860 he wrote "Lost on the Lady Elgin," a song commemorating the terrible disaster to the steamer of that name. In 1861 he wrote "Kingdom Coming," but at first had trouble in finding a publisher for it. The civil war had now become the grand event of our Nation's history, and its existence created a demand for patriotic songs. Here the peculiar genius of Mr. Work found full scope for his powers, and he arranged with Messrs. Root & Cady, of Chicago, to write exclusively for them. His world renowned war songs "Babylon is Fallen," "Song of a Thousand Years," "Marching Through Georgia" and "Wake Nicodemus" were first published by this firm, and all had immense sales. "Marching Through Georgia" was Work's most successful song, and its stirring melody is as popular to-day as ever. After the close of the war Mr. Work made an extended tour through Europe, and while on the sea wrote his renowned song entitled "The Ship That Never Returned." Among the songs written by Mr. Work during the later years of his life we may mention "Come Home Father" and "King Bibler's Army," both of which are famous temperance songs. His "Grandfather's Clock," "Phantom Footsteps," "The Lost Letter" and "The Prayer on the Pier" have all had extraordinary sales. Mr. Work's domestic life was saddened by the insanity of his wife, who died in an asylum for the insane in 1883. The popular song writer survived his wife only one year, dying suddenly of heart disease on June 8th, 1884, at Hartford. His remains are interred in Spring Grove Cemetery, in that city, where on memorial days "Our Boys in Blue" strew flowers on the grave of their poet and songster, whose words and melodies led them to deeds of valor.



HENRY CLAY WORK.

# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF SHERMAN'S FAMOUS MARCH FROM "ATLANTA TO THE SEA."

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll  
 2. How the dark - eys shout - ed when they  
 2. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who  
 4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will  
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for

sing an - oth - er song—  
 heard the joy - ful sound!  
 wept with joy - ful tears,  
 nev - er reach the coast!"  
 Free - dom and her train,

Sing it with a spir - it that will  
 How the turk - eys gob - bled which our  
 When they saw the hon - or d flag they  
 So the sau - cy reb - els said, and  
 Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude—three

## MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it.  
 com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven  
 had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be re - strained from  
 'twas a hand - some boast; Had they not for - got, a - las! to  
 hun - dred to the main; Treas - son fled be - fore us, far re-

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were marching through Geor - - glia.  
 start-ed from the ground, While we were marching through Geor - - glia.  
 break-ing forth in cheers, While we were marching through Geor - - glia.  
 reckon with the host, While we were marching through Geor - - glia.  
 - sistance was in vain, While we were marching through Geor - - glia.

**CHORUS.**

*f*

"Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the  
 "Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the

Musical score for the first section of "Marching Through Georgia". The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are soprano voices, the third is a bassoon, and the bottom is a piano. The lyrics are:

flag that makes you free!" So we sang the cho - rus from At -  
 flag that makes you free!" So we sang the cho - rus from At -

The piano part shows simple harmonic progression with chords like C, G, and F.

Musical score for the second section of "Marching Through Georgia". The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are soprano voices, the third is a bassoon, and the bottom is a piano. The lyrics are:

- lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor - gia.  
 - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor - gia.

The piano part shows simple harmonic progression with chords like C, G, and F.

## THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

RALLYING SONG.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll  
 2. We are spring - ing to the call of our  
 3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the  
 4. So we're spring - ing to the call from the



ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, We will  
 Broth - ers gone be - fore, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, And well  
 loy - al, true and brave, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, And al -  
 East and from the West, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom, And we'll



Used by permission of Geo. F. Root.



ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll gath-er from the plain,  
fill the va-cant ranks with a mil-lion free-men more,  
tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,  
hurl the reb - el crew from the land we love the best,

Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of  
Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of  
Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of  
Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of



**CHORUS.**  
*Fortissimo.*



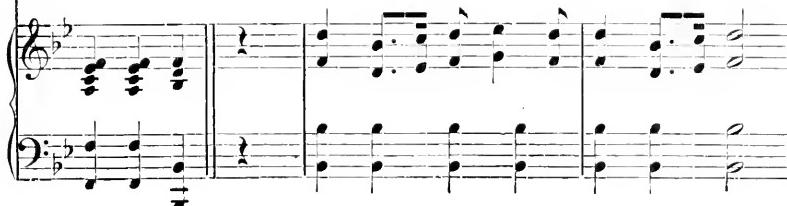
Free - dom. The Un - ion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah!



The Un - ion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah!



The Un - ion for ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah!



Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,  
 Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,  
 Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.  
 Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.  
 Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.

# WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and Music by LOUIS LAMBERT.

With Spirit.

The image shows two staves of musical notation for a piano. The top staff is in treble clef and 6/8 time, with a dynamic instruction 'mit Spard.' above it. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 6/8 time. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, each consisting of six measures. Measure 11 starts with a single note, followed by eighth-note pairs, then sixteenth-note pairs, and finally eighth-note pairs again. Measure 12 follows a similar pattern. Dynamics include 'fp' (fortissimo) and 'ff' (fortississimo). Measure 12 concludes with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Solo.

## Chorus.

1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur - rah, hur -  
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, hur -

3. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, hur -

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, ending with a vertical bar line on the right side.

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, ending with a right-pointing arrow indicating it can be repeated.

A musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines. A single eighth note is placed on each of the top four lines, starting from the left and moving right. The notes are black with white centers.

**Solo.**

### **Chorus.**

**Solo.**

- rah! We'll give him a heart - y wel-come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The  
- rah! To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The

- rah! To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The

- Rain: To wet something down by spraying water on it.

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men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out,  
vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,

Chorus. Repeat ad lib.

And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march - ing home.  
And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march - ing home.

Solo.

Chorus.

3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi-lee, Hur - rah, hur -  
4. Let love and friend-ship on that day, Hur - rah, hur -

The musical score for 'The Chorus' section begins with a solo vocal line on the treble clef staff, followed by a piano accompaniment on the bass clef staff. The vocal part consists of eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The piano part features eighth-note chords and dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics 'The Chorus' are written above the vocal line.

lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now, To place up - on his roy - al brow,  
let each one per-form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff is treble clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and consists of six eighth-note chords. Measure 12 begins with a piano dynamic (p) and consists of six eighth-note chords.

**Chorus.** Repeat ad lib.

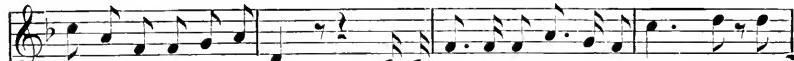
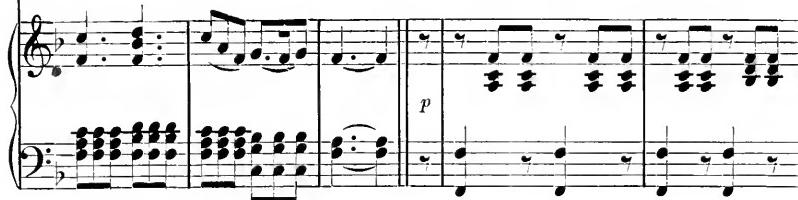
And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march - ing home.  
And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march - ing home.

*f*

## WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.

*Allegretto.*

1. Our camp fires shone bright on the moun - tain That
2. When cheer up-on cheer for bold Sher - man Went
3. Then forward, boys; forward to bat - tle, We



frown'd on the riv - er be - low,  
up from each val - ley and glen,  
march'd on our wea - ri-some way,

While we stood by our guns in the morn - ing, And  
And the bu - gles re - ech - oed the mu - sic That  
And westorm'd the wildhills of Re - sa - ca, God





## WE'LL GO DOWN OURSELVES.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



A continuation of the musical score. The top staff shows a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff shows harmonic progression. The lyrics begin at measure 5:

1. "What shall we do, as  
2. "What shall we do when  
3. "What shall we do when

A continuation of the musical score. The top staff shows a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff shows harmonic progression. The lyrics continue at measure 9:

years go by, And Peace re - mains a stran - - ger— With  
ar - mies march To storm the reb - el quar - . ters— If  
all the men For bat - tie have en - list - - ed— And

Rich-mond yet in reb - el hands, And Wash - ing-ton in dan - ger? What  
as of yore, their march - es end Be - side Po - to - mac's wa - ters? May  
yet the reb - els hold their ground, And law is yet re - sis - ted?" In -

shall we do for lead - ers, when Old Age this race is crop - ping?" I  
not we call our sol - diers home? May not we think of stop - ping?" I  
- stead of do - ing as I should—The theme po - lite - ly drop - ping, I

*A little faster.*

ask'd some la - dies whom I met—And did n't it set them hop - ping!  
stroved to frame the ques - tion fair—But did n't it set them hop - ping!  
ven-tured yet one ques - tion more—Oh did n't it set them hop - ping!

CHORUS. *With Spirit.*

"What shall we do? What shall we do? Why, lay them on the shelves, And we'll go down ourselves

"What shall we do? What shall we do? Why, lay them on the shelves, And we'll go down ourselves

And teach the rebels something new, And teach the rebels something new."

something new,

And teach the rebels some - thing new, And teach the rebels something new."

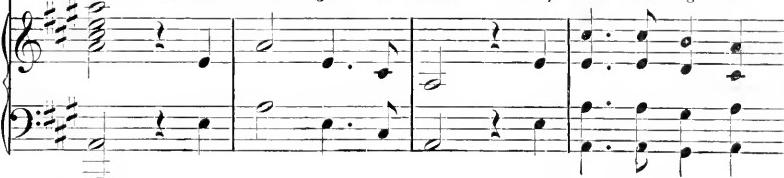
## THE FIRST GUN IS FIRED!

"MAY GOD PROTECT THE RIGHT."

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Molstoso.*

1. The first gun is fired! May God protect the  
 2. The first gun is fired! Its echoes thrill the  
 3. The first gun is fired! Oh, heed the sig - nal



right! Let the free-born sons of the North a - rise In pow'r's a-veng-ing  
 land, And the bound-ing hearts of the pat - riot throng Now firm - ly take their  
 well, And the thun - der tone as it rolls a - long Shall sound op - pres-sion's



night; Shall the glo - rious Un - ion our fath - er's made By  
 stand; We will bow no more to the ty - rant few, Who  
 knell; For the arm of free - dom is migh - ty still,



## THE FIRST GUN IS FIRED!

ruth - less hands be sun - der'd? And we of free - dom's  
 scorn our long for - bear - ing, But with Co - lum - bia's  
 strength shall fail us nev - er. That strength we'll give to our

sa - cred rights By trai - t'rous foes be plun - der'd? A -  
 stars and stripes We'll quench their trai - t'rous dar - ing, A -  
 right - eous cause And our glo - rious land for - ev - er. A -

- rise, a - rise, a - rise! And gird ye for the fight,..... And

let our watch - word ev - er be, "May God pro-tek-t the right"

## CHORUS.

A - rise, a - rise, a - rise! And gird ye for the fight,..... And  
A - rise, a - rise, a - rise! And gird ye for the fight, And

let our watch-word ev - er be, "May God pro-tect the right."  
let our watch-word ev - er be, "May God pro-tect the right."

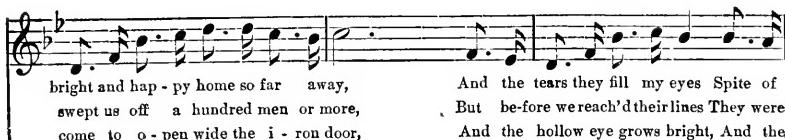
## TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

(THE PRISONER'S HOPE.)

Words and Music by GEO. F. Root.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

1. In the pris - on cell I sit Think - ing Moth - er dear, of you, And our  
 2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they  
 3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall





all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay,  
heat-en back dismayed, And we heard the cry of vict'-ry o'er and o'er,  
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.



*When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.*



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing,      Cheer up comrades they will come,      And be-  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing,      Cheer up comrades they will come,      And be-  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing,      Cheer up comrades they will come,      And be-



*When the Chorus is not sung, end here.*



-neath the starry flag, We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own beloved home.  
-neath the starry flag, We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own beloved home.  
-neath the starry flag, We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own beloved home.



## TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

## CHORUS.

Tramp,tramp,tramp,the boys are march - ing,      Cheer up    comrades they will come,      And be-

Tramp,tramp,tramp,the boys are march-ing on,      O Cheer up com - rades they will come,      And be-

Tramp,tramp,tramp,the boys are march-ing on,      O Cheer up com - rades they will come,      And be-

(Piano accompaniment staff)

-neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home,

-neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home,

-neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air again, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home,

(Piano accompaniment staff)

## ON, ON, ON, THE BOYS CAME MARCHING!

OR THE PRISONER FREE.

(SEQUEL TO "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.")

Words and Music by GEO. F. Root.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

1. O! the day it came at last, When the glorious tramp was heard, And the  
 2. O! the feeblest heart grew strong, And the most despondent sure, When we  
 3. O! the war is o - ver now, And we're safe at home a - gain, And the

boys came marching six - ty thou-sand strong, And we grasp'd each other's hands, Tho' we  
 heard the thrilling sounds we lov'd so well, For we knew that want and woe, We no  
 cause we starv'd and suf-fer'd for, is won, But we nev - er can forget, 'Mid our



ut-ter'd not a word, As the boom-ing of our can-non rolled a - long!  
long - er should endure, When the hosts of freedom reach'd our pris - on cell!  
woe and 'mid our pain, How the glo-ri-ous Un-ion men came tramp-ing on!



*When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.*



On, on, on the boys came march - ing, Like a grand ma-jes-tic sea, And they

[After last verse say "Yes, yes, yes, the boys came marching" instead of "On." &c.]



*When the Chorus is not sung, end here.*



dash'd away the guard from the heavy iron door, And we stood beneath the starry banner, free!



## CHORUS.



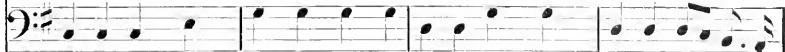
On, on, on, the boys came march - ing, Like a grand ma-jes-tic sea, And they



On, on, on, the boys came marching, Like a grand ma - jes-tic sea, And they



On, on, on, the boys came marching, Like a grand ma - jes-tic sea, And they



dash'd away the guard, From the heavy i - ron door, And we stood beneath the starry banner, free.



dash'd away the guard, From the heavy i - ron door, And we stood beneath the starry banner, free.



dash'd away the guard, From the heavy i - ron door, And we stood beneath the starry banner, free.



## JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

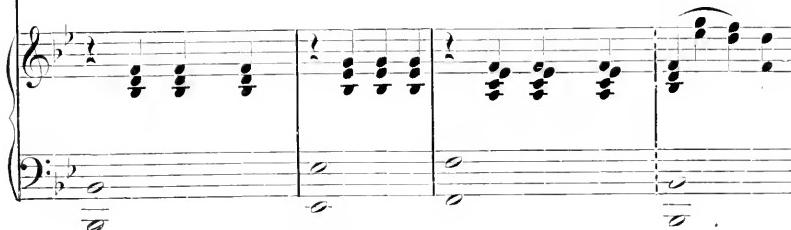
Words and Music by GEO. F. Root.

*Tenderly.*

Dolly darling kiss your mamma you're my comfort, joy & pride  
 Now I know she loves her daughter just as much as I love you  
 Yes, dear Jesus, take my daughter, for the work across the sea



- |                                       |                                 |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Just before the bat-tle, Mother,   | I am thinking most of you,      |
| 2. Oh I long to see you, Mother,      | And the lov-ing ones at home,   |
| 3. Hark! I hear the bn-gles sounding, | 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight, |



How could I ever live without you Come up nose my face.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

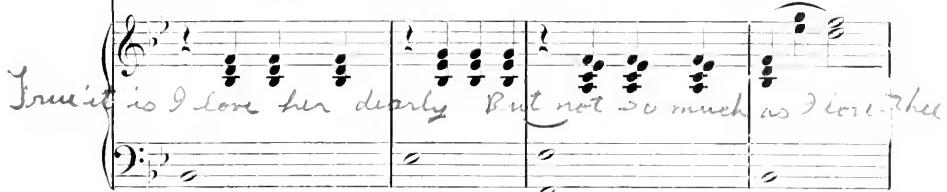
31

what if the little heathen children see her & need you To



While up - on the field we're watching,  
But I'll nev - er leave our banner,  
Now may God pro-tect us, Mother,

With the en - e my in view -  
Till in hon - or I can come.  
As he ev - er does the right.

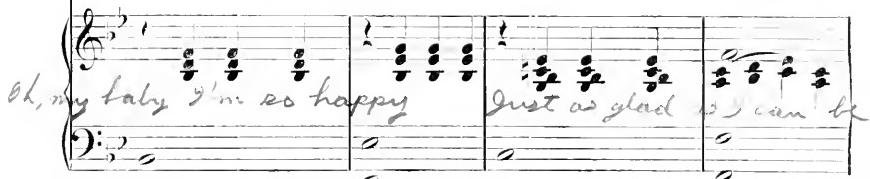


sister now, + I will tell you what I heard this very day  
Don't you pity them my darling? Saddest things I never heard



Com - rades brave are round me ly-ing,  
Tell the traitors, all a-round you,  
Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Freedom,"\*

Fil'd with tho't of home and God;  
That their cru - el words, we know,  
How it swells up - on the air,



A mother gave to God her daughter For a mission far away  
You see, they pray to dreadful idols + never hear from God's own...



well they know that on the morrow,  
eve - ry bat -tle kill our soldiers  
yes we'll ral - ly round the standard,

Some will sleep beneath the sod.  
By the help they give the foe.  
Or we'll perish no - bly there.



\* In some of the divisions of our army the "Battle Cry" is sung, when going into action, by order of the commanding officers.

Precious Dolly you're my treasure Dearest one I ever had

32

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

*Farewell Dolly, you're my treasure Dearest one I ever had*

**CHORUS.**

Fare-well, Mother, you may never Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Fare-well, Mother, you may never, you may nev-er, Mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Fare-well, Mother, you may never, you may nev-er, Mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

*so sad*

But I'm afraid you have a mission That's what makes my heart  
But Jesus had for you a mission That's what makes my heart

*ritard.* *Repeat pp.* *so glad*

O, you'll not forget me, Mother, If I'm number'd with the slain.

O, you'll not forget me, Mother, you will not forget me If I'm number'd with the slain.

*ritard.*

O, you'll not forget me, Mother, you will not forget me If I'm number'd with the slain.

*so glad*

Fare-well, Mother, you may never Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Fare-well, Mother, you may never, you may nev-er, Mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

Fare-well, Mother, you may never, you may nev-er, Mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; But

*so sad*

But I'm afraid you have a mission That's what makes my heart  
But Jesus had for you a mission That's what makes my heart

*ritard.* *Repeat pp.* *so glad*

O, you'll not forget me, Mother, If I'm number'd with the slain.

O, you'll not forget me, Mother, you will not forget me If I'm number'd with the slain.

*ritard.*

O, you'll not forget me, Mother, you will not forget me If I'm number'd with the slain.

*so glad*

## JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

*With expression.*

1. Still up - on the field of bat - tle, I am ly - ing, Mother dear,
2. Oh the first great charge was fear - ful, And a thousand brave men fell,
3. Oh the glorions cheer of tri - umph, When the foe-man turn'd and fled,





With my wounded comrades wait - ing, For the morning to ap - pear.  
Still a - mid the dreadful car - nage, I was safe from shot and shell.  
Leav - ing us the field of bat - tle, Strewn with dy - ing and with dead.



Ma - ny sleep to wa - ken nev - er, In this world of strife and death, And  
So a - mid the fa - tal show - er, I had near - ly pass'd the day, Whe  
Oh the tor-ture and the au - guish, That I could not fol - low on, But



ma - ny more are faint-ly call - ing, With their fee - ble dy - ing breath.  
here the dreaded Min-nie struck me, And I sunk a - mid the fray.  
here a - mid my fall - en com - rades, I must wait till morning's dawn.



## CHORUS.

Moth - er dear, your boy is wound - ed, And the night is drear with pain, But  
 with pain,  
 Moth - er dear, your boy is wound - ed, And the night is drear with pain, But

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are soprano voices in G major, indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom two staves are bass voices in C major, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The music is in common time, with a tempo marking of quarter note = 120. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines, and the piano accompaniment is shown below them.

Repeat pp.

still I feel that I shall see you, And the dear old home a - gain.  
 still I feel that I shall see you, And the dear old home a - gain.

The musical score continues with two more staves of music. The top two staves are soprano voices in G major, indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom two staves are bass voices in C major, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines, and the piano accompaniment is shown below them. The instruction "Repeat pp." is written above the first staff of this section.

## KINGDOM COMING.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. Say, dar-keys, hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muffstah on his face, Go



long de road some time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke way



up de ribber, Whar de Liukum gunboats lay; He took his hat, an' lef berry sudden, An' 1



## CHORUS.

spec he's run a - way! De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,

De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,

ho! It mus' be now de king-dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

ho! It mus be now de king-dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The top two systems are for voices, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics for the first system are: 'spec he's run a - way! De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,' followed by 'De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,'. The bottom two systems are for piano, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics for the piano systems are: 'ho! It mus' be now de king-dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!' followed by 'ho! It mus be now de king-dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern throughout.

## SECOND VERSE.

He six feet one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pound, His  
 coat so big, he couldn't pay de tail-or, An' it won't go half way round. He  
 drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref- ful tann'd, I  
 spec he try an' fool dem Yankees For to tink he's con - tra-band.

## THIRD VERSE.

De dar-keys feel so lone-some lib-ing in de log-house in de lawn, Dey  
 move dar tings to mas-sa's par-lor For to keep it while he gone. Dar's  
 wine an' ci - der in de kitchen, An' de dar keys dey'll hab some; I  
 suppose dey'll all be con - fis - ca - ted Wben de Lin-kum so - jers come.

## FOURTH VERSE.

De o - ber - seer he make us trou-ble, An' he'd rive us round a spell; We  
 lock him up in de smokehouse cel-lar, Wid de key trown in de well. De  
 whip is lost, de han'-suff bro-ken, But de mas-sa'll hab his pay; He's  
 ole e-nongh, big e-nough, ought to known bet - ter Den to went an' run a-way.

## BABYLON IS FALLEN!

SEQUEL TO "KINGDOM COMING."

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris - in' o - ber yon - der
2. Don't you see de light - nin' Flash-in' in de cane - brake,
3. Way up in de corn - field, Whar you hear de tun - der,



## BABYLON IS FALLEN!

Whar de Massa's ole plan-ta-tion am?  
Like as if we gwine to hab a storm?  
Dat is our ole for ty-pounder gun;

Neb ber you be fright-en'd—  
No! you is mis-ta-ken—  
When de shells are miss-in',

Dem is on ly dar-keys, Come to fine an' fight for Uncle Sam.  
'Tis de dar-key's bay-nets, An' de but-ton's on dar u-niform.  
Don we load wid puuk-ins, All de same to make de cow-ards run.

## CHORUS.

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look  
Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look

*ff ff >*

out dar-don't you un-der-stand? Bab - y - lou is fall - en!

out dar-don't you un-der-stand? Oh,don't you know dat Bab - y - lon s all - en!

*Repeat the Chorus somewhat softly.*

Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - eu - py de land.

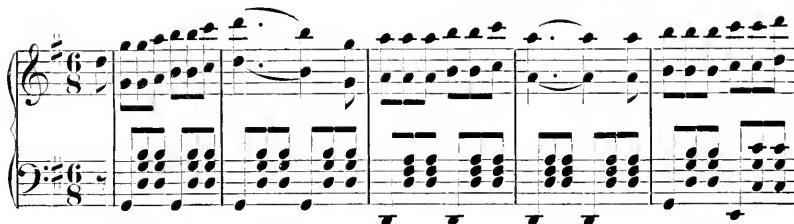
Bab - y - lon is fall - en! And we's a gwine to oc - eu - py de land.

4 Massa was de Kernel  
In de rebel army,  
Ebber sence he went an' run away;  
But his lubly darkeyns,  
Dey has been a watchin',  
An' dey take him pris'ner tudder day.

5 We will be de massa,  
He will be de servant—  
Try him how he like it for a spell;  
So we crack de Butt'nts,  
So we take de Kernel,  
So de cannon carry back de shell.

## COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. An ech - o floats down from the moun - tains, And
2. The banner hangs high in the heav - ens, The
3. The stronghold of Ty - ran - ny trem - bles—Her
4. They bring us the place a-mong na - tions, Our
5. They bring us that bless-ing of bless - ings, Which



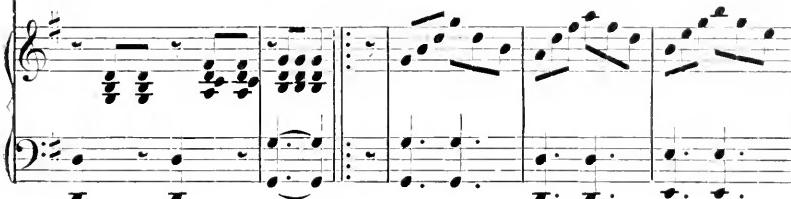
finds on the prairies re - lease; An ech - o whose won - der - ful bur - den Is  
 be - con com - men - ces to burn; The shout of the freedman goes up - ward, To  
 min - ions re - tire in dis - may, Like spec - ters that fade in the dark - ness, Be -  
 au - ces - tors gave us be - fore; The birth-right that some would have bar - ter'd, They  
 few were yet looking to see - A firm and un - change-a - ble Un - ion, In



## REFRAIN.

m

"Vie - to - ry! Lib - er - ty! Peace!"  
 welcome their wait-ed re - turn, { The glo - ri-ous tri - o, be - hold they are  
 fore the ar - ri-val of day. { Go tell the lone watch-ers of earth, they are  
 now in its full-ness re - store, free!  
 fact, as in the - o - ry,



com - ing! Their her - alds are stand - ing e'en now at your door;) com - ing To bless us-be with us-for - sake us no more.)

## SEMI-CHORUS.

*Commence very softly.*

Are coming, are coming, are coming, are coming, are coming once more.

Are coming, are coming, are coming, are coming, are coming once more.

Are com - ing, are com - ing, are com - ing once more.

\* If the voice does not reach G easily, sing the small notes.

## CHORUS.

*ff*

"Glo-ry to God in the high - est!" And the peo- ple shall answer "A -"

"Glo-ry to God in the high - est!" And the peo- ple shall answer "A -"

- men!" Co-lum-bi-a's Guar-di-an An - gels Re-turn to their em-pire a - gain.

- men!" Co-lum-bi-a's Guar-di-an An - gels Re-turn to their em-pire a - gain.

## TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO, JOHN.

H. T. MERRILL

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The middle staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The bottom staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the middle staff and continuing onto the bottom staff.

1. Don't stop a moment to think, John; Our coun - try calls, then  
 2. I've heard my grand - sire tell, John, He fought at Bun - ker

go. Don't fear for me nor the chil - dren, John, I'll care for them, you  
 Hill, He count - ed all his life and wealth, His coun - try's off - 'ring



tree, And all our lit - tle stores, John; Yes, leave them all to me. plain? No! take your gun and go, John; Tho' I ne'er see you a - gain.

## CHORUS.

Then take your gun and go, Yes, take your gun and go, For .

Then take your gun and go, Yes, take your gun and go, For

*Repeat pp.*

Ruth can drive the ox-en, John, And I can use the hoe.

Ruth can drive the ox-en, John, And I can use the hoe.

The last two staves show a continuation of the musical pattern, likely a repeat of the section starting at the beginning of the page.

3 The army's short of blankets, John,  
Then take this heavy pair,  
I spun and wove them when a girl,  
And work'd them with great care.  
A rose in every corner, John ;  
And here's my name, you see !  
On the cold ground they'll warmer feel,  
Because they're made by me.

4 And, John, if God has willed it so  
We ne'er shall meet again,  
I'll do the best for the children, John,  
In sorrow, want or pain.  
On winter nights I'll teach them, John,  
All that I learned at school ;  
To love our country, keep her laws  
Obey the Savior's rule.

5 And now good-bye to you, John ;  
I cannot say Farwell !  
We'll hope and pray for the best, John ;  
His goodness none can tell,  
May His arm be round about you, John,  
To guard you night and day ;  
Be our beloved country's shield,  
Till war shall pass away.

## LAY ME DOWN AND SAVE THE FLAG.

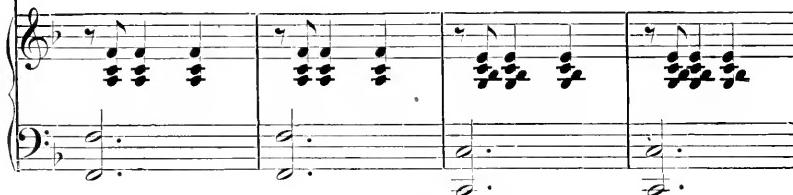
GEO. F. ROOT.

*With expression.*

Musical score for piano, measures 6-10. The top staff has a single measure of rests followed by a melodic line ending with a dotted half note. The bottom staff continues with eighth-note patterns and quarter notes.

1. They a -  
2. To the  
3. Then they  
4. Oh, be-

- rose, whose name was Le - gion, As an o - ver-whelming wave, And the  
 Si - rec of Se - ces-sion, They had bar'd the fear-less brow - They had  
 look'd at one an - oth - er, In the speech - less-ness of woe, As each  
 - lov - ed, ye who mur - mur, For the dear ones gone be - fore, For the





bat - tle surg'd its bil - lows Round a cho - sen few and brave; And they  
heard that voice and heed - ed Could they hear and heed it now? But his  
eve would ask a broth - er, Shall we stay, or shall we go! And a -  
man - ly son and broth - er, That may greet you nev - er - more; For the



near'd the sa - cred ban - ner, With their foul and flaunting rag,  
heart is in the bat - tle - Shall the hal - low'd en-sign drag,  
gain the sight was blast - ed By the tri - tor's boastful rag,  
lov - ing arm that shield - ed, For the hope whose pin - ions lag,

When the  
While a  
And a  
Let the



dy - ing he - ro shout - ed, "Lay me down and save the Flag."  
hand - is left to res - cue? "Lay me down and save the Flag."  
gain the word fell stern - ly, "Lay me down and save the Flag."  
lips that quiv - er fal - ter, "Lay me down and save the Flag."

## CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. So he fell, the brave com-man - der, like the oak from mountain crag;  
 4. Slumber calm ly, brave com-man - der, Where thou art no pin-i-ons lag,

1, 2, 3. So he fell, the brave com-man - der, Like the oak from mountain crag;  
 4. Slumber calm ly, brave com-man - der, Where thou art no pin-i-ons lag,

But his last words still are ring - ing, "Lay me down and save the Flag."  
 Fame will bear thy words for - ev - er, "Lay me down and save the Flag."

But his last words still are ring - ing, "Lay me down and save the Flag."  
 Fame will bear thy words for - ev - er, "Lay me down and save the Flag."

## O WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

R. STEWART TAYLOR.

*Moderato.*

1. O, wrap the flag a-round me, boys, To die were far more  
 2. O, I had thought to greet you, boys, On ma-ny a well won  
 3. But though my bo-dy mould-er, boys, My spir-it will be



sheet, In life I lov'd to see it wave, And fol - low where it  
yield; But now, a - las! I am de-nied My dear - est earth - ly  
me. There, in the thick and blood - y fight Ne'er let your ar - dor

led, And now my eyes grow dim, my hands, Would clasp its last bright shred.  
pray'r— You'll fol - low and you'll meet the foe, But I shall not be there.  
lag, For I'll be there still hov'ring near, A - bove the dear old flag.

## CHORUS.



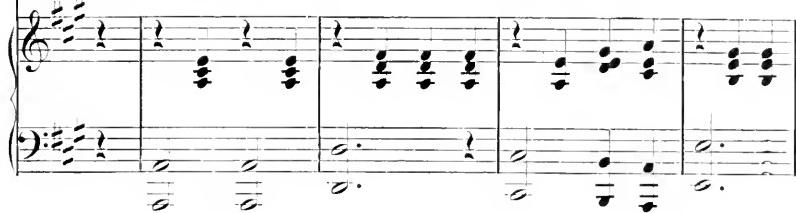
1. Then wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more sweet, ...



2. Yet wrap etc



3. So wrap the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more sweet,



With Free-dom's star - ry em - blem, boys, To be my wind - ing sheet.



With Free-dom's star - ry em - blem, boys, To be my wind - ing sheet.



## OUR CAPTAIN'S LAST WORDS.

H. C. WORK.



1. Where the fore-most  
2. Through the bat-tle  
3. Men who were not

flag was fly-ing, Pierc'd by ma-ny a shot and shell,  
smoke they bore him, But his words were grow-ing wild;  
used to weep-ing, Turn'd a-side to hide a tear,



Where the brav - est men were dy - ing,  
Heed - ing not the scenes be - fore him,  
When they saw the pal - lor creeping,

There our gal - lant  
Ste - phen was once  
That as - sured them

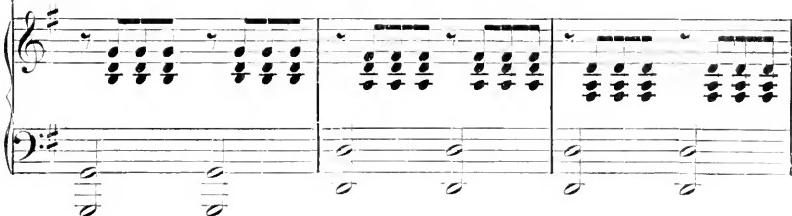


captain fell.  
more a child.  
death was near,

"Boys! you fol - low now an - oth - er!  
"Ah, she comes! there is no oth - er,  
Kind - ly as he were a broth - er,



Fol - low till the foe shall yield;" Then he whis - per'd  
Speaks my name with such a joy; Press me to your  
Stran - gers caught his part - ing breath, La - den with the



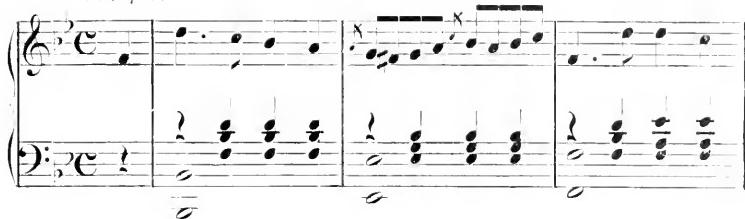
Tell me moth - er, Ste - phen died up - on..... the field,"  
 bo - som, moth - er, Call me still your dar - ling boy,"  
 mur - mur"moth - er," Last up - on his lips..... in death.

"Moth - er,..... Moth - er!..... Ste - phen died up -  
 "Moth - er,..... Moth - er!..... Call me still your  
 "Moth - er,..... Moth - er!"..... Last up - on his

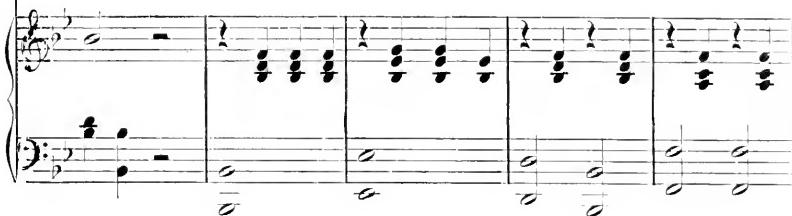
on..... the field."  
 dar - ling boy."  
 lips.... in death.

## STAND UP FOR UNCLE SAM, MY BOYS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*With Spirit.*

1. Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true; Stand  
 2. Oh, strike for Uncle Sam, my boys, For dan - ger is near; Yes!  
 3. Oh, fall for Uncle Sam, my boys, If need be to save; Yes!



up for Uncle Sam, my boys, For be has stood by you. He's  
 strike for Uncle Sam, my boys, And all to you most dear. Re -  
 fall for Uncle Sam, my boys, Tho' in a sol - dier's grave. His



Used by permission of Geo. F. Root.

## STAND UP FOR UNCLE SAM, MY BOYS

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics for this section are:

made your home the bright-est,  
bel - lious sons are plot - ting  
flag so long our glo - ry,

The sun e'er shone up - on;  
To lay the home-stead low,  
Dis - hon - or'd shall not be,

For Their  
But

The second staff has a bass clef and a common time signature. The third staff has a bass clef and a common time signature. The fourth staff has a bass clef and a common time signature.

The bottom section of the score continues with:

hon - or, right and free - dom,  
hands are mad - ly lift - ed  
heav'n-ward float for - ev - er,

He's ma - ny a bat - tle won.  
To give the fa - tal blow.  
The ban - ner of the free.

## CHORUS.

The musical score for the chorus consists of four staves of music. The top staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics for this section are:

Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and

The second staff has a bass clef and a common time signature. The third staff has a bass clef and a common time signature. The fourth staff has a bass clef and a common time signature.

The bottom section of the score continues with:

Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and

Musical score for 'Stand Up for Uncle Sam, My Boys.' The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal staves (treble and bass) with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano staves showing chords and bass notes. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The lyrics are:

true, Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys, For he has stood by  
true, Stand up for Uncle Sam, my boys, For he has stood by

Continuation of the musical score. The vocal parts are silent (represented by dashes). The piano part continues with chords and bass notes. The lyrics are:

you. ||  
you. ||  
you. ||

## STARVED IN PRISON.

Words and Music by GEO. F. Root.

*With deep feeling.*

1. Had they fall - en in the bat - tie, With the old flag wav - ing
2. Had they died in ward or sick - room, Nurs'd with but a sol - dier's
3. Oh! the thought so sad comes o'er us, In this hour of joy and





high, We should mourn, but not in an - guish, For the sol - dier thus would  
care, We should grieve, but still be thank - ful That a hu - man heart was  
pride, That the hearts we loved so fond - ly Might be beat - ing by our



die; But the dear boys starv'd in pris - on, Help-less, friend - less and a-  
there— But the dear boys starv'd in pris - on, Help-less, friend - less and a-  
side; But the dear boys starv'd in pris - on, Help-less, friend - less and a-



- lone, While the hanh - ty reb - el lead - ers Heard unmov'd each dy - ing groan.  
- lone, While the heart - less reb - el lead - ers Heard unmov'd each dy - ing groan.  
- lone, While the cru - el reb - el lead - ers Heard unmov'd each dy - ing groan.

## STARVED IN PRISON.

## CHORUS.

Yes, they starv'd in pens and pris - ons, Help - less, friend - less and a - lone!

Yes, they starv'd in pens and pris - ons, Help - less, friend - less and a - lone!

And their woe can ne'er be spok - en, Nor their ag - o - ny be known.

And their woe can ne'er be spok - en, Nor their ag - o - ny be known.

## SLEEPING FOR THE FLAG.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

*Rather Slowly.*

1. When our boys come home in triumph, brother, With the laurels they shall gain;  
 2. You who were the first on du-ty, brother, When "to arms" your leader cried—  
 3. You have cross'd the clouded riv-er, brother, To the mansions of the blest,





When we go to give them welcome, brother,  
You have left the ranks for - ev - er, brother -  
Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, brother,

We shall look for you in vain.  
You have laid your arms a - side.  
And the wea- ry are at rest.



We shall wait for your re-turn-ing, brother, Tho' we know it can-not be;  
From the aw - ful scenes of bat-tle, brother, You were set for - ev - er free,  
Sure - ly we would not re - call you, brother, But the tears flow fast and free,



For your comrades left you sleeping, brother,  
When your comrades left you sleeping, brother,  
When we think of you as sleeping, brother,

Underneath a south - ern tree.  
Underneath that south - ern tree.  
Underneath that south - ern tree.

## CHORUS.

*pp*

Sleep - ing to wa - ken In this wea - ry world no more;

Sleep - ing to wa - ken In this wea - ry world no more;

Sleep-ing for your true lov'd country, brother, Sleeping for the flag you bore.

Sleep-ing for your true lov'd country, brother, Sleeping for the flag you bore.

## LITTLE MAJOR.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

*Tenderly.*

SOPRANO.

Soprano and Alto vocal parts. The soprano part starts with a rest followed by a single note, while the alto part begins with a sustained note. The lyrics are:

1. At his  
ALTO.  
2. There are

The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal parts.

Vocal parts continue with lyrics:

post, the "Lit - tie Ma - jor" Dropp'd his drum, that bat - tle - day; On the  
none to hear or help him— All his friends were ear - ly fled, Save the

The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal parts.

grass all stain'd with crim - son, Thro' that bat - the - night he..... lay— Cry - ing  
 forms, out-stretch'd around him, Of the dy - ing and the..... dead. Hush, they

"Oh! for love of Je - sus, Grant me but this lit - tle boon! Can you,  
 come! there falls a foot - step! How it makes his heart re - joice! They will

friend, re - fuse me wat - er? Can you, when I die so soon?"  
 help, Oh, they will save him, When they hear his faint - ing voice—

## CHORUS.

The musical score for "Little Major" features two staves of vocal music with piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in soprano and bass clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The score consists of four systems of music, each ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are as follows:

Cry-ing, "Oh! for love of Je-sus, Grant me but this lit-tle boon! Can you,  
Cry-ing, "Oh! for love of Je-sus, Grant me but this lit-tle boon! Can you,  
friend, re-fuse me wat-er? Can you, when I die so soon?"  
friend, re-fuse me wat-er? Can you, when I die so soon?"

3 Now the lights are flashing round him,  
And he hears a loyal word,  
Strangers they, whose lips pronounce it;  
Yet he trusts his voice is heard.  
It is heard—Oh, God forgive them!  
They refuse his dying pray'r!  
"Noth-ing but a wounded drummer,"  
So they say, and leave him there—

4 See! the moon that shone above him,  
Veils her face, as if in grief;  
And the skies are sadly weeping—  
Shedding tear-drops of relief.  
Yet to die, by friends forsaken,  
With his last request denied.  
This he felt his keenest anguish.  
When at morn, he gasp'd and died—

## WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

By A VOLUNTEER.

*Marcato.*

TRUMPET.

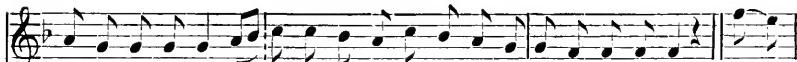


1. We are com-ing, Fa-ther A-br'am, Six hun-dred thou-sand more, From
2. If you look a-cross the hill-top that meet the North-ern sky, Long
3. If you look all up our val-leys, where the grow-ing har-vests shine, You
4. You have called us and we're com-ing, by Richmond's blood-y tide To





Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore; We leave our plows and workshops our moving lines of ris - ing dust your vision may des-cry; And now the wind an instant, tears the may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming in - to line, And children from their mother's knees are lay us down for freedom's sake, our brother's bones beside; Or from foul treason's savage group to wrench



wives and children dear, With hearts too full for ut-ter-ance with but a si - lent tear; Oh we clou - dy veil a - side, And floats a-loft our spangled flag in glo - ry and in pride; And bayo - pull - ing at the weeds, And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs; And a the mur-der-ous blade, And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to pa - rade; Six hun -



dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—  
nets in the sunlight gleam and bands brave music play— We are com-ing Father Abra'am With six hundred thousand more,  
farewell group stand weeping at every cottage door—  
dred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—



## CHORUS.

We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Our Un - ion to re - store; We are  
 We are com - ing, Our Un - ion to re - store; We are  
 We are com - ing, Our Un - ion to re - store; We are

com - ing, Fa - ther Abra'am, With six hun - dred thou - sand more. ||

com - ing, Fa - ther Abra'am, With six hun - dred thou - sand more. ||

com - ing, Fa - ther Abra'am, With six hun - dred thou - sand more. ||

## MOTHER WOULD COMFORT ME.

NOTE.—A soldier in one of the New York regiments, after being severely wounded, was taken prisoner; and after lying in the hospital for a number of days, he was told by those who were in attendance that "they could do no more for him;" that he must die. For a few moments the poor fellow seemed in deep thought: reviving a little he turned slowly toward those near him, and after thanking them for the kind manner in which they had treated him during his sickness, a sweet smile passed over his pale face, and with a firm voice he said, "Mother would comfort me, if she were here." These were his last words.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

*Andante.*

1. Wound-ed and sor-row-ful, far from my home, Sick among strangers, un -  
2. If she were with me, I soon would for - get My pain and sor-row, no  
3. Cheer - fully, faith-fully, Moth - er would stay Al - ways be - side me, by

cared for, un-known; E - ven the birds that used sweet - ly to sing And  
more would I fret; One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye, Would  
night and by day; If I should murmur or wish to com - plain, Her



si - lent, and swift - ly have tak - en the wing,  
make me eon - ten - ted, and will - ing to die!  
Her gen - tle voice would soon calm me a - gain,

No one but Moth - er can cheer me to -  
Gent - ly her hand o'er my forehead she'd  
Sweet - ly a Moth - er's love shines like a



- day, No one for me could so fer - vent-ly pray;  
press, Try - ing to free me from pain and dis - tress;  
star, Brightest in dark - ness, when daylight's a.far;

None to con - sole me, no  
Kind - ly she'd say to me,  
In clouds or in sunshine,



kind friend is near— Mother would com - fort me if she were here.  
"Be of good cheer, Mother will com - fort you, Moth - er is here."  
pleas - ures or pain, Mother's af - fection is ev - er the same.



## CHORUS.

Gent - ly her hand o'er my forehead she'd press, Try-ing to free me from pain and dis-tress;

Gent - ly her hand o'er my forehead she'd press, Try-ing to free me from pain and dis-tress;

rit.

Kind-ly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer, Mother will comfort you, Moth-er is here."

Kind-ly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer, Mother will comfort you, Moth-er is here."

## WEEPING SAD AND LONELY.

OR

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

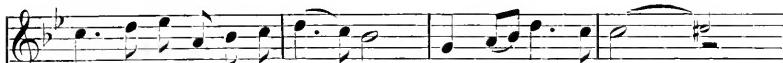
*Moderato e cantabile.*

1. Dear - est love, do you re - mem - ber,
2. When the summer breeze is sigh - ing
3. If a - mid the din of bat - tle
4. But our coun-try call'd you, dar - ling,
- When we last did meet,  
Mourn - ful - ly a - long;  
No - bly you should fall,  
Au - gels cheer your way;





How you told me that you lov'd me, Kneel-ing at my feet?  
 Or when autumn leaves are fall - ing, Sad - ly breathes the song.  
 Far a-way from those who love you, None to hear you call—  
 While our nation's sons are fight - ing, We can on - ly pray.



Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me, In your suit of blue,.....  
 Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing On the bat - tle plain,.....  
 Who would whisper words of com - fort, Who would soothe your pain?.....  
 No - bly strike for God and lib - er-ty, Let all na - tions see.....



When you vow'd to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.  
 Lone - ly, wounded, ev - en dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain.  
 Ah! the ma - ny cru - el fan - cies, Ev - er in my brain.  
 How we love the starry ban - ner, Em - blem of the free.]

## CHORUS.

2d time *pp.*

Weep-ing, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain!  
Yet pray - ing,  
Weep-ing, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain!

*rall.....*  
When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!  
When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!

## 78 WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while bursting tears ran down his fevered cheeks: "Who will care for mother now?"

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.



*With expression.*

1. Why am I so weak and wea - ry, See how  
 2. Who will com - fort her in sor - row? Who will  
 3. Let this knapsack be my pil - low, And my



faint my heat-ed breath,  
 dry the fall-ing tear,  
 man-tle be the sky;

All a-round to me seems dark -  
 Gen - tly smooth her wrinkled fore -  
 Hast - en, comrades, to the bat -



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- ness, Tell me, comrades, is this death? Ah! how well I know your  
 - head? Who will whis- per words of cheer? E - ven now I think I  
 - tie, I will like a sol - dier die. Soon with an-gels I'll be



an - swer; To my fate I meek - ly bow..... If you'll  
 see her Kneel - ing, pray-ing for me! how..... Can I  
 march - ing, With bright lau -rels on my brow,..... I have



on - ly tell me tru - - ly Who will care for moth-er now?.....  
 leave her in her an - guish? Who will care for moth-er now?.....  
 for my country fall - en, Who will care for moth-er now?.....

**CHORUS.**  
*With spirit.*

Soon with an-gels I'll be march - ing, With bright laurels on my brow.....

Soon with an-gels I'll be march - ing, With bright laurels on my brow.....

(Piano accompaniment staff)

*Tenderly.*

I have for my country fall - en, Who will care for moth-er now?.....

I have for my country fall - en, Who will care for moth-er now?.....

(Piano accompaniment staff)

## I DREAMED MY BOY WAS HOME AGAIN.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER

*Andante.*

Forte dynamic in the treble staff, piano dynamic in the bass staff.

Forte dynamic in both treble and bass staves.

1. Lone - ly, wea-ry brok-en-heart - ed As I laid me down to sleep,
2. Tears were chang'd to loud re - joic - ings, Night was turn'd to end-less day!
3. But the dream is past; and with it All my hap - pi-ness is gone;



Thinking of the day we part-ed,  
Love-ly birds were sweetly sing-ing,  
Cheer-ful tho's of joy have van-ish'd;

When you told me not to weep,  
Flow-ers bloom'd in bright ar-ray,  
I must still in sor-row mourn.

Soon I dream'd that peaceful an-gels  
Old and young seem'd light and cheer-ful—  
Soon may peace with all its bless-ings

Hov-er'd o'er the bat-tle plain,  
Peace seem'd ev'-ry-where to reign;  
Our un-hap-py land re-claim;

Sing-ing songs of joy and glad-ness,  
My poor heart for-got its sor-row,  
Then my tears will cease their flow-ing,

And my boy was home a-gain.  
For my boy was home a-gain.  
And my boy be home a-gain.

## CHORUS.

How well I know such thoughts of joy, Such dreams of bliss are vain;

How well I know such thoughts of joy, Such dreams of bliss are vain;

My heart is sad, my tears will flow, Un - til my boy is home a-gain.

My heart is sad, my tears will flow, Un - til my boy is home a-gain.

## SHAKE HANDS WITH UNCLE SAM.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.



1. My coun-try-men, pray, lis-ten; I'd have a word with you: Our Nation is in dan-ger; now
2. Let Northern Fa-nat - ics and Fire - eat - ers South No longer try to pull the props from



little slower.      in time.

what I say is true. The on - ly way to save it, is, let us man to man,  
Un - cle Sam-my's house; But let us be u - ni - ted—come, do it, while we can; Be  
friendly to the Union, and shake hands with Uncle Sam.  
friendly to the Union, and shake hands with Uncle Sam.

## CHORUS.

U - ni - ted we have all to gain, di - vi - ded all to lose, The  
U - ns - ted we have all to gain, di - vi - ded all to lose, The

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The time signature is common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

day has come at last, my boys, When you and I must choose ; We'll hoist the good old Flag again—come  
 day has come at last, my boys, When you and I must choose ; We'll hoist the good old Flag again—come

The second section of lyrics is:

do it, while you can ; Be friend-ly to the Un-ion, and shake hands with Un - cle Sam.  
 do it, while you can ; Be friend-ly to the Un-ion, and shake hands with Un - cle Sam.

3. Remember, this great nation belongs to you and I ;  
 Truth, Freedom, Peace, and Union, should be our  
 battle-cry.  
 Let Carolina, side by side, with Massachusetts stand ;  
 Be friendly to the Union, and give Uncle Sam your  
 hand.
4. Let brothers live as brothers ; all angry passions  
 cease ;  
 Bury deep the hatchet, and we'll smoke the pipe of  
 peace.  
 We'll have one Flag, one Country—if we will man  
 to man  
 Be friendly to the Union, and shake hands with Uncle  
 Sam.

## WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.



1. The boys are com - ing home a - gain, This war will soon be o'er; The  
 2. We'll have no more false hopes and fears, No more heart-rend - ing sighs— The  
 3. How proud our na - tion then will stand! U - ni - ted ev - er - more, We'll





North and South a - gain will stand U - nit - ed as of yore,  
mess - en - ger of peace will dry The wea - ry mourn - er's eyes.  
bid de - fi - ance to the foe That dare approach our shore.  
We'll We'll



hand in hand, and arm in arm, To - geth - er we will roam; Oh!  
laugh and sing, we'll dance and play— Ah, wait un - til they come,  
hoist the good old flag a - gain On free - dom's loft - y dome, And  
And



won't we have a hap - py time, When all the boys come home!  
joy will crown the hap - py day When all the boys come home.  
live in peace and hap - pi - ness When all the boys come home.

## CHORUS.

*f*

We'll hoist the good old flag a - gain On free - dom's loft - y dome.

We'll hoist the good old flag a - gain On free - dom's loft - y dome.

*f*

And live in peace and hap - pi - ness, When all the boys come home.

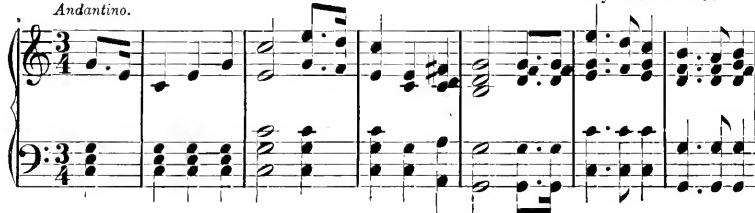
And live in peace and hap - pi - ness, When all the boys come home.

*f*

## GOD BLESS OUR BRAVE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS!

*Andantino.*

By GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Hark the song of free - dom how..... it swells O'er  
 2. Still, still the glo - rious num - bers ring, And  
 3. Oh..... home of free - dom, fa - ther - land, To



val - ley, hill, and prai - rie wide, With thrill - ing  
 still..... they come our land..... to save, Let ev - ery  
 thee..... our treas - ures now..... we yield, 'Tis du - ty



## GOD BLESS OUR BRAVE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS.

91

tones the toc - sin tells That dan - gers to our  
 heart its trib - ule bring Of love, and hon - or  
 calls, their feet must stand In tent - ed camp, on

land to be - tide, That dan - gers to our land be -  
 blood the brave, Of love tent - ed hon - or land to the  
 field, In and camp, on blood

tide; And see! from an - vil, loom, and plow, From  
 brave; May He true pro - tect them in the strife Where  
 field; Fare - well hearts our pray'rs shall be Whose  
 Where

home and moth quell - er's sa - cred tears They fly with  
 power can the star - our ry ris - ap - fears Oh may He who  
 e'er

ar - dor on - each brow, God bless our brave young  
guard each pre - cious life And bless our brave young  
made our fa - thers free May bless our brave young  
vol - un - teers God bless our brave young vol - un -  
vol - un - teers And bless &c.  
vol - un - teers May bless &c.

- teers.

*Play this interlude after the second verse.*

## THE VACANT CHAIR:

OR

WE SHALL MEET BUT WE SHALL MISS HIM.

(THANKSGIVING, 1861.)

Words by N. S. W.

Music by G. F. Root.

*With expression.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, the middle staff is for the bass clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef piano accompaniment. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two flats. The vocal parts begin with a rest, followed by eighth-note patterns. The piano part features sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The lyrics are as follows:

1. We shall  
2. At our  
3. True they

meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall  
fire - side, sad and lone-ly, Oft - en will the bo - som swell At re -  
tell us, wreaths of glo - ry, Ev - er more will deck his brow, But this

lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our evening pray'r. When a  
mem - brance of the sto - ry How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he  
soothes the an-guish on - ly Sweep-ing o'er our heartstrings now; Sleep to -

year a - go we gather'd Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a  
strode to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick est of the fight, And up -  
day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges

gold en cord is sev - er'd, And our hopes in ru - in lie.  
hold our coun-try's hon - or, In the strength of manhood's might,  
from the pine and cypress, Min - gle with the tears we shed.

**CHORUS**  
 AIR & ALTO.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant  
 TENOR & BASS.

chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him When we breathe our evening  
 prayer.

## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

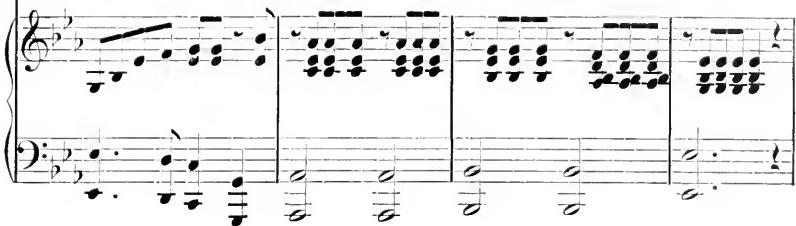
The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the first and second staves.

1. Come, happy peo - ple! Oh come, let us tell      The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln;  
 2. Pa-rents to children shall tell with delight      The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln;  
 3. 'Tho' on the war-cloud re - cord - ed with steel      The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln;



His - to-ry's pa - ges can nev - er excel  
Free - born and freedmen to - geth-er recite  
Peace, on-ly Peace, can completely reveal

The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln.  
The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln.  
The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln.



Down thro' the a - ges an an-them shall go,  
Earth's weary bondmen shall listen with cheer—  
Thanks to the Lord for the days we be-hold!

Bear - ing the honors we glad - ly bestow—  
Ty-rant shall tremble, and traitor shall fear—  
Thanks for the un - sul-lied flag we unfold!



Till ev'ry na-tion and lan-guage shall know The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln:  
When, in its full-ness of glo - ry, they hear The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln:  
Thanks that to us, and in our time, was told The sto - ry of Washington and Lin - coln:



## CHORUS.

Who gave us in-de-pendence, On con - ti-ent and sea, Who saved the glorious Union! And

Who gave us in-de-pendence, On con - ti-ent and sea, Who saved the glorious Union! And

*Repeat Chorus.*

set a people free! This is the sto-ry, Oh hap-py are we, The sto-ry of Washington and Lin-coln.

set a people free! This is the sto-ry, Oh hap-py are we, The sto-ry of Washington and Lin-coln.

Piano accompaniment with bass line.

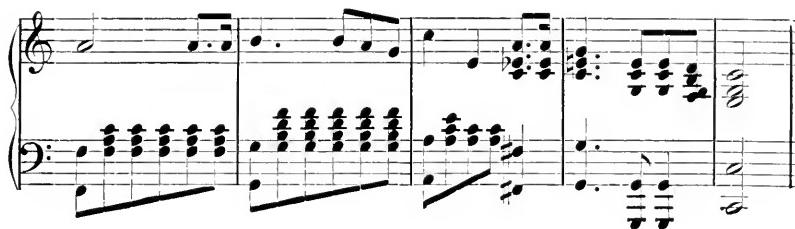
# FAREWELL FATHER, FRIEND AND GUARDIAN.

(WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.)

Words by L. M. DAWN.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

*Slowly and tenderly.*



1. All our land is draped in mourn - ing, Hearts are bow'd and strong men
2. Thro' our night of blood - y strug - gle, Ev - er daunt - less, firm and
3. When from moun - tain, hill and val - ley, To their homes our brave boys
4. Hon - or'd lead - er, long and fond - ly Shall thy mem - 'ry cherish'd





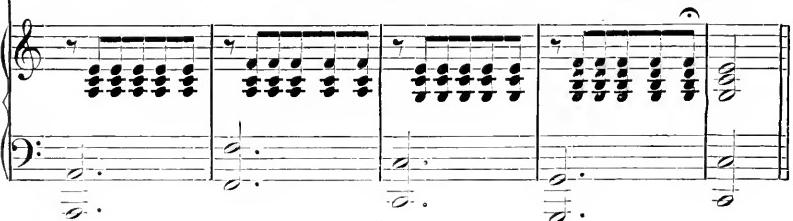
weep; For our lov'd, our no - ble lead - er, Sleeps his last, his dream-less  
true, Brave - ly, gent - ly forth the lead us, Till the morn burst on our  
come, When with wel - come notes we greet them, Song and cheer,  
be; Hearts shall bless thee for their free - dom, Hearts un - born shall sigh for



sleep, Gone for - ev - er, gone for - ev - er, Fall - en by a trai - tor's  
view— Till he saw the day of tri - umph, Saw the field our he - roes  
drum; When we miss our lov'd ones fall - en, When to weep we turn a -  
thee; He who gave thee might and wis - dom, Gave thy spir - it sweet re -



hand; Tho' preserv'd his dear-est treas-ure, Our redeem'd be - lov - ed land.  
won; Then his hon - or'd life was end - ed, Then his glo - rious work was done.  
- side; Then for him our tears shall min - gle— He has suf - fer'd—he has died.  
- lease; Farewell, fath - er, friend and guardian, Rest for - ev - er, rest in peace.



## CHORUS.

Farewell fath - er, friend and guard - ian, Thou hast join'd the mar - tyr

Farewell fath - er, friend and guard - ian, Thou hast join'd the mar - tyr

hand, But thy glo - rious work re-main-eth, Our redeem'd, be - lov - ed land.

band, But thy glo - rious work re-main-eth, Our redeem'd, he - lov - ed land.

## WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

Poetry by MILES O'REILLY.

*Editor of N. Y. Citizen.*

Composed by JAMES G. CLARK.



1. There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
2. It was some - times wa - ter, and some - times milk,
3. The rich and the great sit down to dine, And
4. We've shar'd our blankets and tent to - gether, And

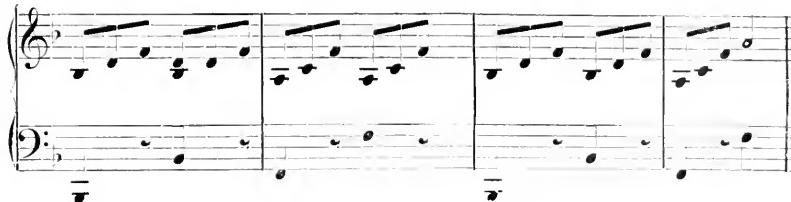




wean..... The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss, But there's  
been..... We shar'd it to - geth - er, in bane or bliss, And I  
green..... But I guess in their gold - en po - ta - tions they miss The  
been..... Had days of bat - tle, and days of rest, But this



nev - er a bond old friend like this, We have drunk from the same can - teen.....  
warn to you friend, when I think of this, We have drunk from the same can - teen.....  
warmth of re - gard, to be found in this, We have drunk from the same can - teen.....  
mem - ry I cling to and love the best, We have drunk from the same can - teen.....



*Slow and with feeling.*

lit - tle hope, On which my faint spir - it might lean,..... O!

then I remember, you crawl'd to my side, And bleed - ing so fast, it seem'd

both must have died, We drunk from the same can - teen.

## CHORUS.

The same canteen, my sol - dier friend, The same..... can-teen, There's  
The same canteen, my sol - dier friend, The same can - teen, There's  
nev - er a bond, old friend, like this, We have drunk from the same can - teen.  
nev - er a bond, old friend, like this, We have drunk from the same can - teen.

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

S. LOVER.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The middle staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The bottom staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment includes various chords, sixteenth-note patterns, and sustained notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. The hour was sad, I  
 2. Then to the East we  
 3. Full ma - ny a name our  
 4. The hope of fi - nal

left the maid, A ling'ring fare - well tak - ing, Her sighs and tears my  
 bore a - way To win a name in sto - ry, And then warm dawns the  
 ban - ners bore Of form - er deeds of dar - ing, But they were of the  
 vic - to - ry With-in my bos - om burn - ing, Is min - gling with sweet



steps de - lay'd I thought my heart was break - ing; In hur -ried words her  
sun of day, There dawn'd our sun of glo - ry, Both blazed in noon on  
days of yore, In which we had no shar - ing; But now, our lau - rels  
thoughts of thee, And of my fond re - turn - ing, But should I ne'er re -



name I blest, I breath'd the vows that bind me, And to my heart in  
Al - ma's height, Where in the post as - sign'd me, I shared the glo - ry  
fresh - ly won, With the old ones shall en - twined be, Still worth - y of our  
- turn a - gain, Still worth thy love thou'lt find me, Dis - hon - or's breath shall



an - guish press'd The girl I left be - hind me.  
of that fight, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.  
sires, each son, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.  
nev - er stain The name I'll leave be - hind me.

## TREAD LIGHTLY, YE COMRADES.

OR THE

## VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE.

Words by "ANNIE."

Arranged by MRS. F. L. BOWEN.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The middle staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The bottom staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Tread light - ly, ye  
 2. "O fold me," he  
 3. The bat - tle was  
 4. Ah, how ma - ny

com-rades, his lone grave a - round, Those ash - es are  
 said, "in the flag of the free, And let our own  
 o - ver, they laid him to rest; The turf they placed  
 house-holds are bro - ken and sad; That sigh for the

sa - cred, and sa - cred the ground ; 'Tis one of earth's  
 ban - ner my wind - ing sheet be; And when I am  
 gent - ly a - bove his young breast, Then rais'd up the  
 lov'd ones, and weep for the dead; Whose life blood has

no - bles, so gal - lant and brave, That here lies a -  
 rest - ing, O leave it to wave, To point to the  
 ban - ner, and left it to wave In bright - ness un -  
 pur - pled the field of the brave, And who now re -

- sleep, in the Vol - un - teer's Grave. He's fought his last  
 stran - ger the Vol - un - teer's Grave. The sad news break  
 - dimm'd o'er the Vol - un - teer's Grave. O sad were the  
 - pose in the Vol - un - teer's Grave. And Oh tho' no

bat - tie, the vic - tory he's won; And now, the brave sol - dier is  
gent - ly, to Moth - er, and Kate, They're anx - ious - ly wait-ing my  
ti - dings they bore to his home, That, far from his loved ones, they'd  
mar - ble may point to the spot, Where brave - ly they've fall - en they'll

rest - ing a - lone; His young life was giv - en, his coun - try to  
com - ing to greet, But tell them, I fell with the gal - lant and  
left him a - lone, With nought but the ban - ner he died for, to  
not be for - got, For o'er them our ban - ner for - ev - er shall

save, And low here he lies, in the Vol - un - teer's Grave.  
brave; And an - gels will watch o'er the Vol - un - teer's Grave.  
wave, So si - lent and sad, o'er the Vol - un - teer's Grave.  
wave, En - cir - eling with glo - ry the Vol - un - teer's Grave.

The Vol - un - teer's Grave.  
The Vol - un - teer's Grave.  
The Vol - un - teer's Grave.  
The Vol - un - teer's Grave.

## CHORUS.

*pp*

Dis - turb not, dis - turb not his rest, calm and deep; The  
 Dis - turb..... not his rest, calm and deep; The  
 Dis - turb..... not his rest, calm and deep; The

*cres.*

last trum-pet, on - ly, shall wake him from sleep.  
 last trum-pet, on - ly, shall wake him from sleep.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

Poem by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Music by HENRY BISHOP.  
Newly arranged by J. C. Macy.*Andantino.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for treble clef and the bottom staff is for bass clef. The music is divided into four measures by vertical bar lines. The first measure starts with a dynamic of *mf*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first line of lyrics is: "1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - aces though we may roam, Be it". The second line is: "ev - er so hum - ble, there's no..... place like home! A". The third line is: "charm.... from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which". The music concludes with a final measure ending on a half note.

seek.....thro' the world, Is ne'er met with elsewhere! Home, home,

sweet, sweet home! There's no.....place like home,..... there's no place like home!

2. An ex - ile from home..... splen-dor daz - zles in vain, Oh,

give.....me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The

birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me them, with the

peace of mind, dear - er than all! Home, home,

sweet, sweet home! There's no.....place like home,..... there's no place like home!

## THEY HAVE BROKEN UP THEIR CAMPS.

Words by MAJOR JOHN B. JEWELL.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



1. They have  
2. We are  
3. Oh, the

bro - ken up their camps, They are laugh - ing o'er their tramps, They are  
ea - ger with our thanks, We are press - ing on their ranks, We are  
long de - lay has pass'd, They have brought us peace at last; And how





They have left the scan-tly fare, They have  
Yet we sad - ly think of those Who have  
As we bless our hon-or'd dead, While the



left the taint - ed air, For they've dash'd to earth the pris - on wall that bound them.  
fall - en 'mid their foes, And the wel-come that we give is sad - ly spo - ken.  
stead - y mar-tial tread Of re - turn-ing le-gions in our ears is sound - ing.



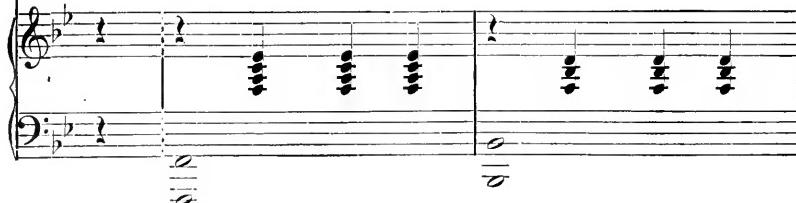
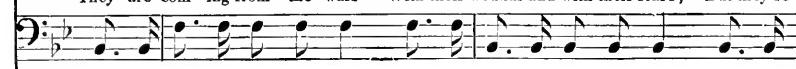
#### CHORUS.



They are com - ing from the wars With their wounds and with their scars; But they're



They are com - ing from the wars With their wounds and with their scars; But they're



bringing back the dear old flag in glo - ry— They have bat-tied long and well; And let

bringing back the dear old flag in glo - ry— They have bat-tied long and well; And let

af - ter a - ges tell How they won the proud-est name in song or sto - ry.

af - ter a - ges tell How they won the proud-est name in song or sto - ry.

## BRAVE BATTERY BOYS.

Words by PAULINA.

Music by P. P. BLISS.

I AND II TENOR.



I AND II BASS.



rear the proud mar - ble— to muse and to weep. To  
life rush'd a way in the tor - rent of red; When  
brave ly ye bat - tie and won in the fray; When



speak of the dark days that yet had their joys, When we were to - geth - er—  
Mis - sion Ridge ech - oed the bat - tle's fierce joys, When rushed to the res - cue—  
proud - ly ye sport - ed the grand bat - tle toys, And fell but as vic - tors,



Brave Bat - ter - y Boys, When we were to - geth - er—Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.  
Brave Bat - ter - y Boys, When rushed to the res - cue—Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.  
Brave Bat - ter - y Boys, Aad fell but as vic - tors, Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.



## CHORUS.

Oh! Ken - ne - saw Moun - tain, 'Ho! Frank - lin, de - clare

What sol - diers for Free - dom can do and can dare; Loud pe - ans of praise each

pat - riot em - ploys, To tell how they tri - umph'd—Brave Batter - y Boys,

To tell how they tri - umph'd— Brave Batter - y Boys.

4 We come, O! beloved to garland your tomb,  
To twine 'round the marble the springs freshest bloom;  
To speak of a past that no present destroys,  
And call the dead roll of Brave Battery Boys,  
And call the dead roll of Brave Battery Boys.

5 O! brave Twenty-six, when the weary shall rest,  
When over our slumbers the sod shall be prest;  
When sweetly forgetful of all that annoys,  
We'll sleep here together Brave Battery Boys,  
We'll sleep here together Brave Battery Boys,

## LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1ST TENOR.

1. Lay his sword hy his side, it has serv'd him too well Not to  
2d Tenor.  
2. Yet pause, for in fan - cy, a still voice I hear, As if  
1st Bass.  
3. Should some al - ien, un - wor - thy such wea - pon to wield, Dare to  
2d Bass.

rest near his pil - low be - low; To the last mo - ment true, from his  
breath'd from his brave heart re-mains; Faint ech - o of that which in  
touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Then rest in thy sheath, like a

hand ere it fell, Its bright point was still turn'd to the foe.  
sla - ver - y's car Once sound - ed the war word, "Burst your chains!"  
tal - is - man seal'd Or re - turn to the grave of thy Lord.

Fel - low lab' - ter's in life, let them slum - ber in death Side by  
 And it cries from the grave where the he - ro lies deep, "Tho' the  
 But if grasp'd by a hand that has learn'd the proud use, Of a

side, as be-comes the re - pos - ing brave, That sword which he lov'd still un-  
 day of your Chief-tain for - ev - er has set, Oh, leave not the sword thus in  
 fal - chion, like thee, on the bat - tl - plao, Then, at lib - er - ty's sum-mons, like

• brok'n in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - due'd in his grave.  
 glo - rous to sleep, It has vic - to - ry's life in it yet!"  
 light - ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark sheath a - gain't

## GOOD - BYE, OLD GLORY.

Words by L. J. BATES, Esq.

Music by GEO. F. Root.

*Allegro.*

1. Four  
2. O  
3. Fare -  
4. Good -

wea - ry years of toil and blood, With loy - al hearts and true, By  
 com-rades that may ne'er re-turn, Who sleep be-neath the dew, Where  
 well to pens and pri - son holes, Where fiends themselves broke through And  
 bye to mus - ter and pa -rade, Good - bye the grand re - view; The

field and for - tress, plain and flood, We've fought the reb - el crew, But  
 Vicksburg's gleam-ing sig - nal's burn Or Look - out's crest of blue, Where-  
 tor - tured no - ble cap - tive souls That they could not sub - due; But  
 dus - ty line, the dash - ing aide, Good - bye our gen - eral too; Good-



vic - to - ry is ours at last, The mighty work is through, Sound  
 e'er your blood has sealed the faith, We brought in tri - umph through, Good-  
 in the ful - ness of the day Heaven's jus tice did we do. Dis-  
 bye to war, but halt! I say, John Bull, a word with you; Pay

drums and bu - gles loud and fast, This is your last tat - too.  
 night to glo - ry and to death, And that's good-morn to you.  
 as - ter, fam - ine, ru - in, may Make fear - ful an - swer true.  
 up old scores or we a - gain May don the ar - my blue.

## CHORUS.

AIR.



Fare - well, fare-well to march and fight, Hard - tack, a fond a - dieu, Good-

ALTO.



TENOR.



Fare - well, fare-well to march and fight, Hard- tack, a fond a - dieu, Good-

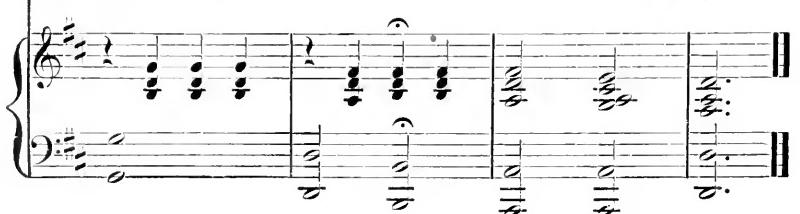
BASS.



bye, "Old Glo - ry," for to - night We doff the ar - my blue.



bye, "Old Glo - ry," for to-night We doff the ar - my blue.



## 'TIS FINISHED! OR SING HALLELUJAH.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORKE.

## INTRODUCTION.

*Moderato.*

1. 'Tis fin - ished! 'tis end - ed! The dread and aw-ful task is done; The'
2. Ye joy - bells! ye peace - bells! Oh,nev - er, nev-er mu - sic rang So
3. Come, pa - triots! come,free - men! Come join your ev-ery heart and voice; We've





wound - ed and bleed - ing, 'tis ours to sing the vie - t'ry won, Our  
sweet - ly, so grand - ly, since an - gels in the ad - vent sang, Your  
wept with the weep - ing— now let us with the blest re - joice, With



na - tion is ran - som'd, our en - e mies are o - ver - thrown, And  
mes - sage is glad - ness to myr - i - ads of wait - ing souls, As  
ar - mies of vie - tors who round a - bout the white throne stand— With



now, now com - mence - es the bright - est e - ra ev - er known.  
on - ward and world - ward the hap - py, hap - py ech - o rolls.  
Lin - coln, the mar - tyr and lib - er - a - tor of his land.

CHORUS

ATR.



Then sing hal - le - lu - jah! sing hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God on

ALTO.



Then sing hal - le - lu - jah! sing hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God on

TENOR.



Then sing hal - le - lu - jah! sing hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God on

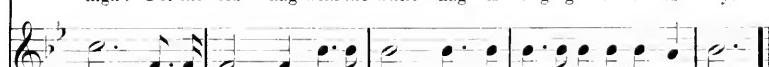
BASS.



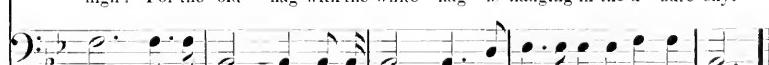
high! For the old flag with the white flag is hanging in the a - zure sky.



high! For the old flag with the white flag is hanging in the a - zure sky.



high! For the old flag with the white flag is hanging in the a - zure sky.



## COVER THEM OVER.

Words by WILL CARLETON.

Music by O. B. ORMSBY.

*Moderato.**mf*

1. Cov-er them o-ver with beau-ii - ful flow'rs; Deck them with garlands, those brothers of our,



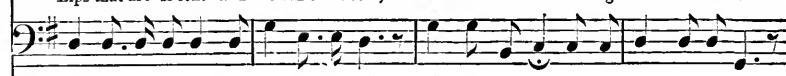
2. Cov-er the faces that mo-tion-less lie, Shut from the blue of the glo - ri - ous sky;



Ly-ing so si-lent by night and by day, Sleep-ing the years of their man-hood a-way,



Lips that are si-lent and bo-soms all cold, Hearts tried and true resting now in the mould.



f                    p                    rit.                    dim.

Years they had mark'd for the joys of the brave, Years they must waste in the  
 Give them the chap - lets they won in the strife, Give them the gar - lands they

*a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

sloth of the grave; Cov - er them o - ver, yes, cov - er them o - ver,  
 lost with their life; Cov - er them o - ver, yes, cov - er them o - ver,

Parents and broth-er and hus-band and lov - er; Shrine in your heart these dead  
 Parents and broth-er and hus-band and lov - er; Shrine in your heart these dead

*dim e rit.*

he - roes of ours, And cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flowers!  
 he - roes of ours, And cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flowers!

## THEY REST IN PEACE.

COLLIN COE.

*Moderato, mf*

1. They rest in peace, they rest in peace un - brok-en; Honor'd braves! in  
 2. They rest in peace, no rude a-larm can wake them, Honor'd braves! they

1. They rest in peace, they rest in peace, in peace un - brok-en, Honor'd braves! in  
 2. They rest in peace, no rude a-larm can ev - er wake them, Honor'd braves! they

1. They rest in peace, they rest in peace, in peace, Honor'd braves! in  
 2. They rest in peace, no rude a-larm can wake them, Honor'd braves! they

*dim.* *f*

peace, in peace un - brok-en. Glor - ious things of them are spok - en;

sleep, no sound ean wake them. To your hearts in mem -'ry take them;

*p* *rit.* *p*

Love and hon - or he their tok - en! Heroes, rest, rest, rest in peace!

Wreaths of sweetest flow - ers make them! Heroes, rest, rest, rest in peace!

## A TEAR FOR THE COMRADE THAT'S GONE.

Words by CAPT. THOMAS F. WINTHROP.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

*Reveille.*

1. With gar - lands of ro - ses, with hearts full of love, In fond - est remembrance we

2. The ro - ses may come in the gar - den of home, And sum - mer will glad-den the

3. To - geth - er we stood in the thick of the fray, To - geth - er we've stem'd the red

come, To the Cit - y of Si - lence, the land of the dead, Far,  
 earth, But the forms of our loved ones, ah, nev - er may come To  
 tide; He was true to the laws he had sworn to o - obey, For the

far from the world's bus - y hum, To strew o'er the lov'd froms that  
 cheer up our des - o - late hearth. The wild wail - ing North-wind the  
 flag o' his love he has died. No more shall our bu - gle his

rest 'neath the sod, These blos - soms as fair as the dawn; With a  
 snow wreath may sweep, And the Au - tumn leaf with - er and sere, For they  
 brave heart cheer on, Or Re-veil - le a - wake him at dawn; Let us

sigh for the heart that must pass neath the rod, And a tear for the comrade that's gone.  
 can - not disturb our brave heroes sleep, The com - rade we mourn with a tear.  
 give as a trib - ute, the sol - dier's last boon, A tear for the comrade that's gone.

## CHORUS.

Rest, Rest, Dust to the dust, the soul with the blest;  
 Rest from the war-fare, rest, heroes, rest; Dust to the dust, the soul with the blest;  
 Rest from the war-fare, rest, heroes, rest; Dust to the dust, the soul with the blest;

*rit. e dim.*                            *Repeat last time pp.*

Rest, Rest, Dear - est and brav - est and best.  
 Rest ev - er-last - ing, rest soldiers, rest; Dear - est and brav - est and best.  
 Rest ev - er-last - ing, rest soldiers, rest; Dear - est and brav - est and best.

## REST, COMRADES, REST.

MEMORIAL HYMN FOR MALE VOICES.

O. B. ORMEY.

*Andantino.*

*mf*

Rest, comrades, rest; Crown'd with wreaths of ro - ses, While qui - et sleep Each

Rest, comrades, rest; Crown'd with wreaths of ro - ses, While qui - et sleep Each

*mf*

wea - ry eye-lid clos - es. Slumb'ring in your tents ye lie, While the tu-mult pas - ses by,

wea - ry eye-lid clos - es. Will ye hear the songs we sing, Wear the garlands that we bring?

*p rit.*

Heeding not the years that sweep O'er your si-lent, peaceful sleep; Tho' wo call, ye answer not;  
Shall no word of praise or blame Reach and stir your hearts again? Still we call; but, cares for-got,

*ad lib.*

*a tempo.*

ad lib.

a tempo.

Life with all its cares for-got. Rest, comrades, rest, Crown'd with wreaths of ro-ses.  
Ye slumber on and an-swer not; Comrades, rest, Crown'd with wreaths of ro-ses.  
Rest, comrades, rest.

# THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

QUARTETTE, OR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Arranged by COLLIN COE.

If sung as Quartette use Accompaniment as Voice part.

*Con Spirito.*



1. O  
2. On the  
3. And  
4. O



twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the  
dread si - lence re - poses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep As it  
bat - tie's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try shall leave us no more? Their  
war's des - o - la - tiou; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land, Praise the



ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs  
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clo - ses? Now it catch - es the gleam of the  
blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps pol - lu - tion. No re - fuge could save the  
Pow'r that hath made and pre-serv'd us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our



burst - ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.  
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flected now shines on the stream.  
hire - lings and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.  
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust."



## CHORUS.

Oh say, does that star span - gled ban - ner yet wave,  
 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, O! long may it wave,  
 And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth ave,  
 And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave,

*ff*

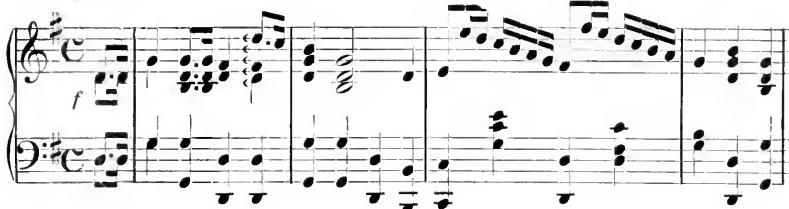
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

OR

## RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Arranged by COLLIN COE.

*Moderato,*

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the  
 2. When war waged its wide des - o - la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de -  
 3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hith - er, And fill you it true to the



free,..... The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A  
 - form,..... The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co -  
 brim,..... May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor



world off - ers hom - age to thee.  
- lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm;  
the star of their glo - ry grow dim!

Thy man - dates make he - roes as -  
With her gar - lands of vict - 'ry a -  
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er

- sem - ble,  
- round her,  
sev - er,

When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view,  
When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,  
But they to their col - ors prove true!

Thy  
With her  
The

ban - ners make ty - ran - ny tremble,  
flag proudly float - ing be - fore her,  
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er,

When borne by the red, white and blue.  
The hoast of the red, white and blue.  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

## CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue,  
The boast of the red, white and blue.  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

ff  
Thy ban-ners make ty - ran-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
With her flag proudly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

## HAIL COLUMBIA.

Arranged by COLLIN COE.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

1. Hail! Co-lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who  
 2. Im-mor - tal pat - riots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause. And  
 no rude foe with im - pious hands, Let no rude foe with im - pious hands, In -

HAIL COLUMBIA.

when the storms of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let  
vade the shrine where, sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize! While

in - de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; ^  
off - ring peace sin-cere and just, In heav'u we place a manly trust That

Ev - er grateful for the prize: Let its al - tar reach the skies!  
truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And eve - ry scheme of bond - age fail.

3.

Sound, sound the trump of fame,  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring thro' the world with great applause,  
Ring thro' the world with great applause,  
Let every clime to freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear,  
With equal skill, with god-like power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
The happier hours of honest peace!

4.

Behold the chief who now commands!  
Once more to serve his country stands  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heaven and youl  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When gloom obscur'd Columb'a day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolv'd on death and victory!

## HAIL COLUMBIA.

## CHORUS.

Firm u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty,  
Firm u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.  
As a band of broth-ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

# THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

Words by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Music by BERNARD COVERT.

*Allegretto.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 3/4 time, key signature of A major (two sharps). The vocal line is in soprano range, accompanied by piano chords. The lyrics are integrated into the musical phrases.

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was grow-ing dim, When  
3. 'Twas on that dread, im - mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's band,

with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weeping son to him; "Weep not, my boy!" the  
Captain raised this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And while the glo - rious

veteran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will— But quick - ly from on art-lers bring The  
bat-tle raged, It light - en'd freedom's will— For, boy, the God of freedom bless'd The



Sword of Bunker Hill; But quickly from yon antlers bring The Sword of Bunker Hill."  
 Sword of Bunker Hill; For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd The Sword of Bunker Hill."



2. The sword was brought, the Soldier's eye Lit with a sudden flame; And  
 4. "O, keep the Sword!"—his accents broke— A smile— and he was dead— But



as he grasp'd the ancient blade, He murmur'd WARREN's name; Then said, "My boy, I  
 his wrinkled hand still grasp'd the blade Up - on that dy - ing bed. The son remains; the



## THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

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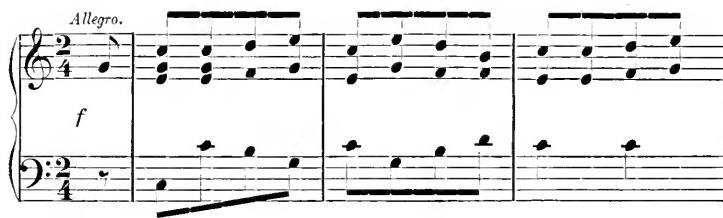
leave you gold— But what is rich - er still,  
sword remains— Its glo - ry grow-ing still— I leave you, mark me, mark me now— The  
And twen-ty mill - ions bless the sire, And

Sword of Bunker Hill; I leave you, mark me, mark me now—The Sword of Bunker Hill.  
Sword of Bunker Hill; And twenty mill - ions bless the sire, And Sword of Bunker Hill.

Hill.  
Hill.

## YANKEE DOODLE.

Arranged by COLLIN COE.



1. A Yan - kee boy is trim and tall, And nev - er o - ver fat, sir;
2. He's al - ways out on train - ing day, Com-mence-ment or e - lec - tion;
3. His door is al - ways o - pen found, His ci - ders of the best, sir;
4. Tho' rough and lit - tle is his farm, That lit - tle is his own, sir;
5. His coun - try is his pride and boast, He'll ev - er prove true blue, sir.





At dance, or frolic, hop and ball, As nim - ble as a rat, sir.  
 At truck and trade he knows a way Of thriv - ing to per - fec - tion.  
 His board with pump-kin pie is crown'd, And wel-come ev - 'ry guest, sir.  
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm, 'Tis truth and hon - or's throne, sir.  
 When call'd up - on to give his toast, 'Tis "Yan - kee doo - dle, doo," sir!

## CHORUS.



Yan - kee doo - dle guard your coast, Yan - kee doo - dle



Yan - kee doo - dle guard your coast, Yan - kee doo - dle



dan - dy; Fear not, then, nor threat nor boast; Yan - kee doo - dle

dan - dy; Fear not, then, nor threat nor boast; Yan - kee doo - dle

dan - dy.

dan - dy.

dan - dy.

Arranged by COLLIN COR.

*Moderato. mf**f*

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweetland of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal

4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fath - ers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'-ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

rocks and rills, Thy woods and temped hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove,

tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.

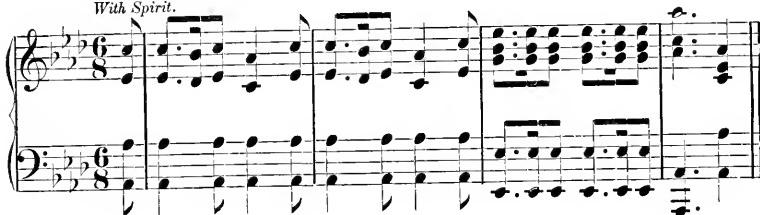
land be bright With freedom's sho-ly light; Pro-ect us by thy might, Great God, our king!

WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT HERE ON THE OLD  
UNION LINE.

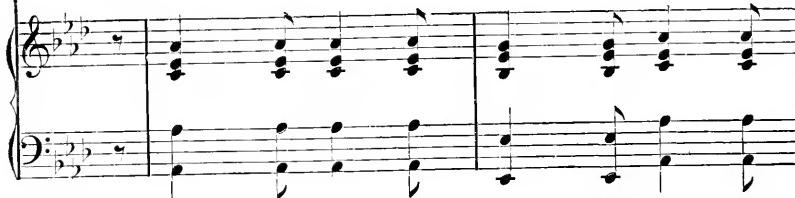
Words by CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

Music by GEO. F. Root.

*With Spirit.*



1. We'll ral - ly a - gain, to the stan - dard we bore O'er  
 2. We'll ral - ly a - gain, by the side of the men Who  
 3. We'll ral - ly a - gain, and that "Flag of the Free," Shall  
 4. We'll ral - ly a - grin, and our mot - to shall be, What



bat - tie fields crim - son and go - ry, Shouting "Hail to the Chief" who in  
 breast - ed the con-flict's fierce rat - tie, And they'll find us still true, who were  
 stay where our he - roes have placed it, And ne'er shall they gov - ern, on  
 ev - er the na - tion that bore us, God bless that old ban - ner, "The





Free-dom's fierce war, Hath cov - er'd that ban - ner with glo - ry,  
true to them then, And bade them "God speed" in the bat - tle.  
land or on sea, Whose trea - son hath spurn'd and dis - graced it.  
Flag of the Free," And all who would die with it o'er us!



## CHORUS.



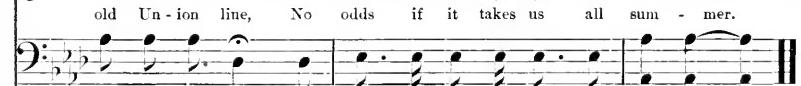
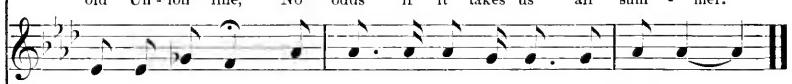
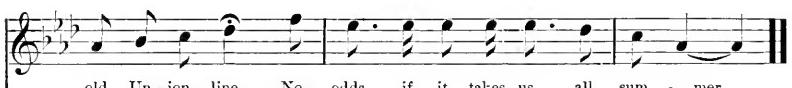
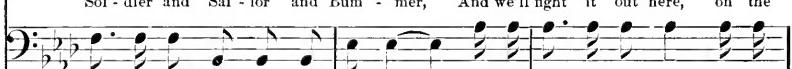
Then ral - ly a - gain, then ral - ly a - gain, With the



Then ral - ly a - gain, then ral - ly a - gain, With the



## I56 WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT HERE ON THE OLD UNION LINE.



# WE SAVED THIS GREAT UNION FOR YOU.

NOTE—In a short time, those who risked their lives that this Union should remain unsevered will have passed away, and you, who were children during those gloomy days, will soon be expected to assume control of this great Nation. Will you prove worthy of the trust? And when we, who sacrificed so much, have gone, will you remember we saved this great Union for you?

Words and Music by CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. It includes dynamic markings 'mf' and 'p'. The middle staff shows a bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff shows a bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: '1. We're old, wea-ry sol - diers; our'. The second section continues: 'bat - tes are o-ver, Our foot - steps are fee - ble, we're near - ing the shore; We're'. The music features various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic changes like 'ritard.' and 'mf'.

eres.

slow - ly and sure - ly ap-proach - ing the cross-ing— A lit - tle while long-er, and

*f*

all will be o'er. When my com - rades and I pass thro' the dark val - ley, Will

*f*      *mf*

*mf*

you still be faith-ful? will you re-main true? When the graves mark the spot where the

*f*

sol - diers are rest-ing, Re - mem - ber! we saved this great Un - ion for you!

*f*

## CHORUS.

*mf*

Then here's to our land, again firm-ly u - ni - ted! Here's to the boys of the gray and the blue!

Then here's to our land, again firm-ly u - ni - ted! Here's to the boys of the gray and the blue!

Let this be our motto : One Flag and one Country! Remember! we saved this great Un-ion for you!

Let this be our motto : One Flag and one Country! Remember! we saved this great Un-ion for you!

Let this be our motto : One Flag and one Country! Remember! we saved this great Un-ion for you!

2 The time will soon come when our country's defenders,  
Who loved the dear emblem of true liberty,  
Will pass away—promise to stand by the nation,  
And keep it forever the Land of the Free!  
Can you forget how we toiled and contended,  
To uphold, unshamed, the Red, White and Blue?  
Will you protect every star from dishonor?  
Remember! We saved this great Union for you!

3 Let North, South and West, and the East keep united.  
The Gray and the Blue live as brothers again;  
Have one flag—but one flag! "the old flag of Freedom!"  
And then we may feel we've not struggled in vain  
Let South Carolina and brave Massachusetts  
Shake hands, and show monarchs what Freemen can do,  
And when we are gone, will you think of us kindly?  
Remember! We saved this great Union for you!

# BROTHER, TELL ME OF THE BATTLE.

Words by THOMAS MANAHAN Esq.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

*With expression.*



1. Broth - er,  
2. Broth - er,  
3. Broth - er,

tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and fell, Tell me  
tell me of the bat - tle, For they said your life was o'er, They all  
tell me of the bat - tle, I can bear to hear it now, Lay your

Used by permission of Geo. F. Root.



of the wea - ry march - es, She who loves will lis - ten well,  
told me you had fall - en, That I'd nev - er see you more;  
head up - on my bo - som, Let me soothe your fever'd brow.  
Broth-er,  
Oh, I've  
Tell me

draw thee close oe - side me, Lay your head up - on my breast, While you're .  
been so sad and lone - ly, Fill'd my breast has been with pain, Since they  
are you bad - ly wound - ed? Did we win the dead - ly fight? Did the

tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fe - ver'd fore - head rest.  
said, my dear - est broth - er, I should nev - er see a - gain.  
vic - t'ry crown our ban - ner? Did you put the foe to flight?

## CHORUS.

Brother, tell me of the bat - tie, How the sol - diers fought and fell,  
 O tell me of the bat - tie, How the sol - diers fought and fell,  
 O tell me of the bat - tie, How the sol - diers fought and fell.

*Repeat pp.*

Tell me of the weary march - es, She who loves will lis-ten well.  
 Yes, of the weary march - es, She who loves will lis-ten well.  
 Yes, of the weary march - es, She who loves will lis-ten well.

## MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

BENEDICT ROEFS.

*Andante.*

Mother is the bat-tle o'er? Mother is the battle o'er?  
 Thousands, thousands have been kill'd, they say, Is my brother coming? tell me.  
 Has our Army gain'd the day? Is he well or is he wound-ed?

*ritenuto.*

Moth-er, do you think he's slain? If you know, I pray you tell me,

*rit.**smorz.*

Will my brother come a-gain? Will my broth - er come a-gaiu?

*lento.*

Mother, dear, you're al-ways sigh - ing,

*rit.*

Since you last the pa-per read,.....

Tell me why you now are crying,

*p*

*a tempo.*

Is my darling brother dead? Is my darling brother dead? Ah! I see you

can - not tell me Broth - er's one a-mong the slain; Al-though he lov'd us  
 ve - ry dear - ly He will nev - er come agaiu!

*ritenuto diminuendo.*

He will ne - ver come a-gaiu.

## CAN THE SOLDIER FORGET?

GEO. F. ROOT.



Musical score for piano, second system. This section includes lyrics for three stanzas:

- 1. Yes, be -
- 2. Of the
- 3. Oh, ye

The music continues with a melodic line in the treble staff and harmonic support in the bass staff.

Musical score for piano, third system. The lyrics continue from the previous system:

- lov'd ones at home, we re-mem-ber,  
deeds that are hal-low'd in sto - ry,  
hearts that with an-guish are swell-ing,

Ah, how can the sol - dier for-get?  
We think as we press on our way;  
Ye eyes that are darken'd with fear,

All the  
And the  
For the

The music concludes with a final melodic line in the treble staff.



vows that were said when we  
path-way that leads on to  
brave ones ye lov'd past the  
part-ed Are sa-cred and dear to him yet,  
glo-ry Gleams bright-ly be-fore us to-day,  
tell-ing, The fall-en that sleep with us here,  
When the  
For the  
They have



night throws its man-tle a - round us, We dream'ueath the heav'n's starry dome,  
millions that wait on our ef-forts, And myr-iads the fu-ture shall claim,  
burst now the fet-ters that bound them, And high'mid the heav'n's brightest ray,  
Of the  
When the  
E'en with



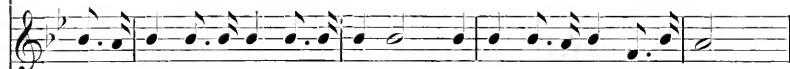
dear ones whose sweet spell has bound us, And whose voi-ce shall wel-come us home.  
pe-ans of vict-ry are sound-ing, Shall most joy-ful-ly ech-o each name.  
glo-ries im-mor-tal a-round them, They are look-ing up-on us to-day.



## CHORUS.



Yes, be-lov'd ones at home, we re - mem-ber, Ah, how can the sol - dier for - get?



Yes, be-lov'd ones at home, we re - mem-ber, Ah, how can the sol - dier for - get?



can the



All the vows that were said when we part - ed, Are sa - cred and dear to us yet.



All the vows that were said when we part - ed,



Are sa - cred and dear to us yet.



sol - dier for - get thatthe vowswhen we part - ed



## THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Music by R. E. HENNINGES.

*Allegretto.*

God, the sky is clearing ! The clouds are hurrying past ; Thank God the day is nearing, The shall the voice of singing Drown war's tremendous din ; Soon shall the joy-bells ringing Bring

dawn has come at last. And when glad her-add voi -ees, Shall tell us peace has come, This peace and freedom in. The ju -bilee bon-fires burning, Shall soon light up the dome, And

To be omitted if Chorus is sung.

thought shall most rejoice us ; "Our boys are coming home !" Our boys are coming home ! Our soon to soothe our yearning, "Our boys are coming home ?"

boys are coming home ! This thought shall most rejoice us—Our boys are coming home !

## CHORUS.

Our boys are com - ing home !      Our boys are com - ing home !      This

Our boys are com - ing home !      Our boys are com - ing home !      This

Our boys are com - ing home !      Our boys are com - ing home !      This

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff is for treble clef, the middle staff for bass clef, and the bottom staff for bass clef. The lyrics are written below each staff:

thought shall most re - joice      us —      Our boys      are com - ing      home !

thought shall most re - joice      us —      Our boys      are com - ing      home !

3 The vacant fireside places  
Have waited for them long ;  
The love-light lacks their faces,  
The chorus waits their song ;  
A shadowy fear has haunted  
The long deserted room ;  
But now our prayers are granted,  
Our boys are coming **home**.

5 And yet — oh, keenest sorrow !  
They're coming, but not all ;  
Full many a dark to-morrow  
Shall wear its sable pall.  
For thousands who are sleeping .  
Beneath the empurpled loam ;  
Woe ! woe ! for those we're weeping,  
Who never will come home !

4 O mother, calmly waiting  
For that beloved son !  
O sister, proudly dating  
The victories he has won !  
O maiden, softly humming  
The love song while you roam —  
Joy, joy, the boys are coming —  
Our boys are coming **home** !

6 O sad heart, hush the grieving ;  
Wait but a little while !  
With hoping and believing  
Thy woe and fear beguile,  
Wait for the joyous meeting  
Beyond the starry dome,  
For there our boys are waiting  
To bid us welcome **home**,

## OUR COMRADE HAS FALLEN.

O. M. BREWSTER.

*With expression.*

1. Our comrade has fallen, He's  
2. The flag of our coun-try, 'mid  
3. Our comrade has fallen, He's

gone to his rest, His voice in full cho - rus Now joins with the  
can-non's deep roar, Where fierce raged the bat - tle, Still proud - ly he  
gone to his home, That bright world of glo - ry, Where blest spir - its

blest, O weep for the fall - en! No more shall we hear His  
bore The stars and the stripes now float o - ver his grave, He  
room; O weep for the fall - en! We'll see him no more, Till

## CHORUS.

*pp*

tunes in sweet mu-sie Fall soft on the ear. Tread light-ly, speak soft-ly, He's  
died for his coun-try, His coun-try to save.  
we join the cho-rus On Canaan's fair shore.

etc.....



gone to his grave; He died for his coun-try, His coun-try to save.



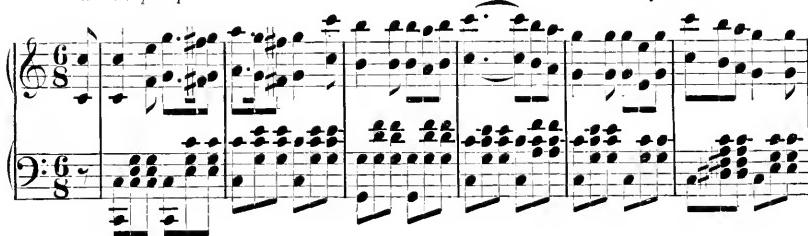
gone to his grave; He died for his coun-try, His coun-try to save.



"WITHIN THE SOUND OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS."

*With descriptive power.*

By GEO. F. ROOT.



Within the sound of the en - e - my's guns, Within their sound are



we;..... A gallant band of patriot sons, Fighting the battles of Lib - er - ty, Be -neath..... the



Used by permission of Geo. F. Root.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various chords and rests. The bottom four staves are for the voice, with lyrics written below them. The lyrics are:

folds..... of the "Flag..... of the Free"..... Boom..... Boom.....

Now now ye Northern sons Rouse, Rouse,..... at the sound of the enemy's

guns ..... Yes, Rouse ! Rouse,..... at the sound of the enemy's guns.

The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The vocal part includes several melodic phrases and harmonic progressions corresponding to the piano accompaniment.

Within the range of the en - e - my's guns, Within their range are we;..... The

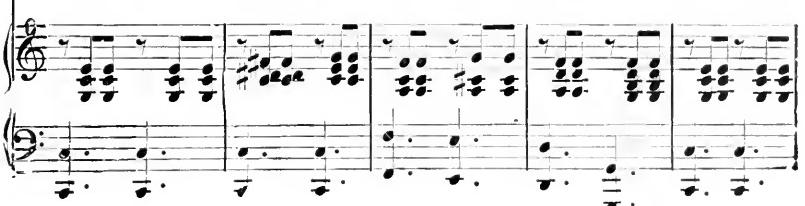
Parrott shell thro' the hot air hums, The Minnie show'r from the thicket comes; Stand firm!... Stand

firm..... ye ranks..... of the free..... Boom!..... Boom!.....

Now, now Co - lum-bia's sons, Charge! Charge! And take the enemy's

guns..... Yes, charge! Charge! And take the enemy's guns.  

  
 All silenc'd the roar of the en - e - my's guns All si-lenc'd their lips, have we..... A .  

  
 wake the roll of the battle drums Raise high the cheer that surging comes In the hour.... in the  


hour..... of vic - - to - ry..... Boom !..... Boom.....

Now, now, O gal - lant ones, Seize Seize..... for your trophies, the enemy's

guns..... Yes, Seize ! Seize..... for your trophies, the enemy's guns.

## CORPORAL \*SCHNAPPS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

*Not too fast.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top two staves are for piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various chords and notes. The bottom staff is for voice, also in treble clef, with lyrics written below it. The lyrics are:

1. Mine  
2. I  
3. They

heart ish pro - ken in - to lit - le pits, I tells you, friend, what for; Mine  
march all tay, no mat - ter if der schtorm Pe worse ash Mo - ses' flood; I  
kives me hart - bread, tougher as a rock— It al - most preaks mine zhaw; I

\* "Sch" throughout this song has the soft German sound of *sh*, as for instance, *Schnapps*.



schweetheart, von coot pa - tri - ot - ic kirl, She trives me off mit der war. I  
lays all night, mine head up - on a schtump, And \*“sinks to schleep” in der mud. Der  
schpliis him sometimes mit an i - ron wedge, And cuts him up mit a saw. They



fights for her det pat-ties of te flag— I schtrikes so prave as I can; Put  
night-mare comes—I catch him fer-ry pad— I treems I schleeps mit der Ghost; I  
kives me peef, so fer-ry, fer-ry salt, Like Sod-om's wife, you know; I



now long time she nix re-mem-pers me, And coes mit an-oth - er man.  
wakes next morn-ing fro-zен in der cround, So schtiff as von schtone post.  
sure - ly diuks they put him in der prine Von hun - ted years a - co.

\* In this line retard the movement. † Give this word the time of an eighth note only, and rest half a measure.

## CHORUS.

Ah! mein frau - lein! You ish so fer-ry un - kind! You coes mit Hans to

Ah! mein frau - lein! You ish so fer-ry un - kind! You coes mit Hans to

Zher-ma-ny to live, And leaves poor Schnappspe - hind Leaves poor Schnappspe - hind.

Zher-ma-ny to live, And leaves poor Schnappspe - hind, Leaves poor Schnappspe - hind

4 Py'n py we takes von eity in der South—  
We schtays there von whole year;  
I kits me sourcroot much as I can eat,  
Und blenty loccar pier.  
I meets von laty repel in der schtreet,  
So handsome after I see;  
I makes to her von ferryl callant pow—  
Put ah! she schipts on me.

5 "Hart times!" you say, "what for you folunteer?"  
I tolty you, friend, what for:  
Mine schwiet-heart, von coot patriotic kirl,  
She trove me off mit der war.  
Alas! Alas! mine bretty little von  
VIII schmille no more on me;  
Put schtill I fights de pattles of te flag  
To set mine countries free.

## I GOES TO FIGHT MIT SEIGEL.

F. POOLE.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Moderato.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various notes and rests. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with lyrics in English. The vocal part begins with a rest, followed by a melodic line. The lyrics are as follows:

1. I've come shust now to tells you how, I  
 goes mit reg - i - men - tals, To schlauch dem voes of Lib - er - ty, Like

dem old Con - ti - nen - tals, Vot fights mit Eng - land long a - go, To

save de Yank - ee Ea - gle; Un now I gets my so - jer clothes; I'm

going to fight mit Sie - - gel.

2. Ven  
4. Dem

I comes from de Deut-sche Countree, I works somedimines at bak - ing; Den  
Deut - chen mens mit Si - gels band, At fight - ing have no ri - vad; Un

## I GOES TO FIGHT MIT SIEGEL.

espress.

I keeps a la - ger beer sa - loon, Un den I goes shoe-mak - ing; But  
ven Cheff Dav - is mens we meet, We schlauch em like de tuy - vil, Dere's

now I was a so - jier been to save the Yank - ee Ea - gle; To  
on - ly von ting vot I fear, Ven pat - ting for de Ea - gle, I

schlauch dem tam se - ces - sion volks, I'm going to fight mit Sie - gel.  
vont get not no la - ger beer, Veu I goes to fight mit Sie - gel.

3. I gets ein tam big ri - fle guns, Un  
5. For ra - tions dey gives salt - y pork, I

## I GOES TO FIGHT MIT SIEGEL.

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puts him to mine shoul - der, Den march so bold like a big jack horse, Un  
dinks dat was a great sell; I pet - ter likes de so - ur - kraut, De

may been some-ding bold - er; I goes off mit de vol - un - teers, To  
swit - zer-kaise un pret - zel. If Fight - ing Joe will give us dem, Ve'll

save de Yank - ee Ea - gle; To give dem Reb - el vel - lers fits, I'm  
save de Yank - ee Ea - gle; Un I'll put mine vrou in breech-alloons, To

going to fight mit Sie - gel.  
go un fight mit Sie - gel.

## GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top two staves are for piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various note patterns. The bottom staff is for voice, also in bass and treble clef, with a key signature of one flat and a tempo of 6/8. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Our  
2. Drest  
3. Now

Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent, They have grafted him in - to the ar-my; He  
up in his u - nicorn-dear lit - le chap; They have grafted him in - to the ar-my; It  
in my pro - vis-ions I see him reveal'd, They have grafted him in - to the ar-my; A



fi - nally pucker'd up courage and went, When they grafted him in - to the ar-my. 1  
seems but a day since he set in my lap, But they grafted him in - to the ar-my.  
pick-et be-side the con - tent - ed field, They have grafted him in - to the ar-my. And  
He



told them the child was too young, alas! At the captain's forequarters, they said he would pass, They'd  
these are the trouises he used to wear—Them very same buttons—the patch and the tear— But  
looks kind-er sickish—be-gins to cry— A big vol-un-teer standing right in his eye! Oh



train him up well in the infant-ry class— So they graft-ed him in - to the ar-my.  
Un - cle Sam gave him a bran new pair When they grafted him in - to the ar-my.  
that if the duck-y should up and die Now they've grafted him in - to the ar-my.



Oh, Jim-my, fare-well! Your broth - ers fell Way down in Al - a - bar - my; I

Oh, Jim-my, fare-well! Your broth - ers fell Way down in Al - a - bar - my; I

thought they would spare a lone widder's heir, But they graft-ed him in - to the army.

thought they would spare a lone widder's heir, But they graft-ed him in - to the army.

## UNCLE JOE'S "HAIL COLUMBIA!"

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

*Moderato.*

1. Uncle Joe comes home a sing - ing, Hail,..... Co - lum - by!  
 2. Bress - ed days, I lib to see dem, Hail,..... Co - lum - by!  
 3. Dis is what de war was brought for, Hail,..... Co - lum - by!

Glo - rious times de Lord is bring - in'— Now let me die.  
 I hab drawin a breff of free - dom— Now let me die.  
 This is what our fad - ers fought for— Now let me die.

Fling de chainsin - to de rib-ber— Lay de bur - den by;  
 Nine - ty years I bore de bur-den, Den he heard my cry;  
 Dar's an end to all dis sor - row, Com - in' bye and bye;

Dar is one who will de - lib - ber— Now let me die.  
 Stan - din on de banks ob Jor - dan— Now let me die.  
 Pray - in' for dat bress - ed mor - row— Now let me die.

## CHORUS.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time and G major, featuring a soprano or tenor vocal line. The bottom staff is also in common time and G major, featuring a bass or alto vocal line. The lyrics are repeated twice in the first section, followed by a section where the bass part continues while the soprano part is silent. This pattern repeats once more.

**CHORUS:**

Ring de Bells in eb - ry stee-pie! Raise de Flag on high! De

Ring de Bells in eb - ry stee-pie! Raise de Flag on high! De

**Bottom Staff (Bass):**

Lord has come to sabe his peo - ple— Now let me die.

Lord has come to sabe his peo - ple— Now let me die.

4 I hab seen de rebels beaten,  
Hail Columby!  
I hab seen dar hosts retreatin'—  
Now let me die.  
O! dis Union can't be broken,  
Dar's no use to try;  
No sech ting de Lord has spoken—  
Now let me die.

5 I'll go home a singing "Glory!"  
Hail Columby!  
Since I heard dis dressed story—  
Now let me die.  
'Tis de ransom ob de nation,  
Drawin' now so nigh;  
'Tis de day ob full salutation—  
Now let me die.

## GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

Arranged by COLLIN COE.

A musical score for piano and voice. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a rest. The bottom staff is for the piano, showing bass notes and chords. The music consists of four measures. Measure 1: Voice rests, piano bass note. Measure 2: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 3: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 4: Voice eighth note, piano bass note.

A musical score for piano and voice. The top staff is for the voice, showing a melodic line. The bottom staff is for the piano, showing bass notes and chords. The music consists of four measures. Measure 5: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 6: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 7: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 8: Voice eighth note, piano bass note.

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,  
 2. The stars of Hea - ven are look - ing kind - ly down, The

A musical score for piano and voice. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a rest. The bottom staff is for the piano, showing bass notes and chords. The music consists of four measures. Measure 9: Voice rests, piano bass note. Measure 10: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 11: Voice eighth note, piano bass note. Measure 12: Voice eighth note, piano bass note.



John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a  
stars of Heav - en are look - ing kindly down, The stars of Heav-en are



mould'ring in the grave, His soul is march - ing on.  
look - ing kind - ly down On the grave of old John Brown.

3.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,  
His soul is marching on.

5.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
And they'll go marching on.

4.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.  
His soul is marching on.

6.

They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree,  
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree,  
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree,  
As they march along.

## CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus section of the hymn "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!". The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are soprano voices, and the bottom two are bass voices. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts alternate between eighth-note patterns and quarter notes. The lyrics "Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!" are repeated three times. A dynamic marking "f" (forte) is placed above the bass staff in the middle section.

Musical score for the continuation of the Chorus section and the verse "His soul is marching on." The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are soprano voices, and the bottom two are bass voices. The music continues in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts alternate between eighth-note patterns and quarter notes. The lyrics "Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on." are repeated twice. The bass staff includes a dynamic marking "f" (forte) in the middle section.

# FOES AND FRIENDS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*

1. Two  
 2. "A -  
 3. Then  
 4. The

sol - diers, ly - ing as they fell,      Up - on the red-den-ed clay,      In  
 mong New Hampshire's snowy hills,      There pray for me to - night,      A  
 spoke the oth - er dy - ing man;      "A - cross the Geor-gia plain,      There  
 dy - ing lips the par - don breathe,      The dy - ing hands en - twine;      The

Used by permission of Geo. F. Root.



day - time foes, at night in peace, Breath'd there their lives a - way; Brave  
wo - man and a lit - tle girl, With hair like gold - en light;" And  
watch and wait for me, loved ones I'll nev - er see a - gain; A  
last ray dies, and o - ver all The stars of heav - en shine, And



hearts had stirr'd each man-ly breast, Fate, on - ly, made them foes; And  
at the thought,broke forth at last The cry of an - guish wild, That  
lit - tle girl, with dark bright eyes, Each day is at the door, The  
now, the girl with gold - eu hair, And she with dark eyes bright, On



ly - ing, dy - ing, side by side, A soft - ened feel - ing rose.  
would not lon - ger be re - pressed, "O God, my wife, my child!"  
fa - thers' step, the fath-er's kiss Will nev - er greet her more."  
Hamp-shire's hills and Georgia's plain, Were fa - ther - less that night.

CHORUS.  
*AIR.*

They'll go no more to the lov'd homes here, But together both will wait For the

*ALTO.**TENOR.*

They'll go no more to the lov'd homes here, But together both will wait For the

*BASS.*

sun - ny-hair'd and bright-eyed ones, Be - yond the gold - en gate.



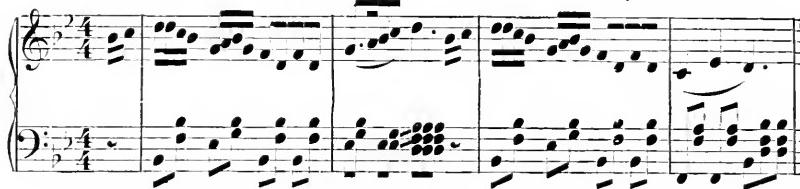
sun - ny-hair'd and bright-eyed ones, Be - yond the gold - en gate.



## POOR KITTY POPCORN,

OR THE SOLDIER'S PET.

By HENRY C. WORK.

*First verse, rapidly—second, lively—third, moderately—fourth, slowly.*

A musical score for the first verse of 'Poor Kitty Popcorn'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The second measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The third measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The fourth measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The fifth measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices.

1. Did you ev - er hear the sto - ry of the loy - al cat? *Me - yow!*..... Who was

A musical score for the second line of the first verse of 'Poor Kitty Popcorn'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The second measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The third measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The fourth measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The fifth measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices.

2. Round her neck she wore a rib-bon—she was black as jet— *Me - yow!*..... And at

A musical score for the third line of the first verse of 'Poor Kitty Popcorn'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The second measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The third measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The fourth measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The fifth measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices.

3. Now the "cruel war is over," and the troops disband— *Me - yow!*..... Kit - ty

A musical score for the fourth line of the first verse of 'Poor Kitty Popcorn'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The second measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The third measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The fourth measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The fifth measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices.

4. So she wanders on the prairie till she sees his form— *Me - yow!*..... Car - ried

A musical score for the fifth line of the first verse of 'Poor Kitty Popcorn'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The second measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The third measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices. The fourth measure shows sixteenth-note patterns in both voices. The fifth measure shows eighth-note patterns in both voices.

faithful to the flag, and ev - er follow'd that? *Me - yow!*..... Oh, she

once a gallant claim'd her for a soldier's pet— *Me - yow!*..... All the

fol - lows as a pil - grim to the northern land— *Me - yow!*..... Ah! but

forth and buried roughly 'mid the driving storm— *Me - yow!*..... Oh! her

had a happy home beneath a sonthern sky, But she pack'd her goods and left it when our

per - il s of the battle and the march she bore, Climbing on her master's shoulder when her

sor - row o - vertakes her, and her mas-ter dies, While she sad - ly sits a gaz-ing in his

slender frame, it shivers in the northern blast, As she seeks the sandy mound on which the

troops came nigh, And she fell in - to the column with a low glad cry, *Me - yow!*.....

feet were sore, Whisp'ring in his ear with wonder at the cannon's roar, *Me - yow!*.....

dim blue eyes, Till by strangers driven rude - ly from the door, she cries, *Me - yow!*.....

snow falls fast, And a - lone a - mid the darkness there she breathes her last *Me - yow!*.....

## CHORUS.

Poor Kit - ty Pop - corn! Bur - ied in a snow-drift now— Nev - er

Poor Kit - ty Pop - corn! Bur - ied in a snow-drift now— Nev - er

Poor Kit - ty Pop - corn! Bur - ied in a snow-drift now— Nev - er

more shall ring the mu - sic of your charming song, *Me - yow!*..... Nev - er

more shall ring the mu - sic of your charming song, *Me - yow!*..... Nev - er

more shall ring the mu - sic of your charming song, *Me - yow!*..... Nev - er

(Bass staff) | |

more shall ring the mu - sic of your charming song, *Me - yow!*.....

more shall ring the mu - sic of your charming song, *Me - yow!*.....

more shall ring the mu - sic of your charming song, *Me - yow!*.....

(Bass staff) | |

## SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

*Maestoso.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, showing bass and treble clef staves with various notes and rests. The bottom four staves are for the voice, with lyrics printed below them. The first three staves of the voice part contain three numbered lines of lyrics. The last three staves contain a single line of lyrics at the bottom.

1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing freemen! Fling to the winds your need-less fears!  
 2. What if the clouds, one lit - tle mo-ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap - pears -  
 3. Tell the great world these blessed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;

He who un-furl'd your beauteous banner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!  
 When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ri - ses to shine a thou-sand years?  
 Tell the oppres'sd of ev - 'ry na-tion, Ju - bi-lee lasts a thou-sand years!

CHORUS. *With all the energy and spirit the singers possess.*

"A thousand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told!

"A thousand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told!

'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twilight Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twilight Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

- 4 Envious foes, beyond the ocean!  
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;  
Little will they—our children's children—  
When you are gone a thousand years.
- 5 Rebels at home! go hide your faces—  
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;  
You could not bind the blessed daylight,  
Though you should strive a thousand years.

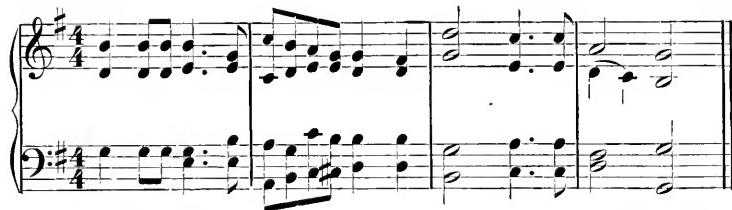
- 6 Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!  
Down to your own degraded spheres!  
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine  
Shortens your lives a thousand years.
- 7 Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!  
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!  
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons  
Each of his days a thousand years!

## GOD SAVE THE NATION.

A BATTLE HYMN.

Words by THEODORE TILTON.

Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. Thou who or - dain - est, for the land's sal - va - tion, Fam - ine, and fire, and



2. By the great sign, fore-told of Thine Ap - pear - ing, Com - ing in clouds, while

3. By the brave blood that flow - eth like a riv - er, Hurl Thou a thou - der



4. Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to de - ri - sion—Till through the blood - red



Soprano and Alto parts:

sword, and la - men - ta - tion, Now un - to Thee we lift our sup - pli - ca - tion—  
 mor - tal man stand fear - ing, Show us, a - mid this smoke of bat - tle, clear - ing,  
 bolt from out Thy qui - ver! Break Thou the strong gates! ev - ry fet - ter shiv - er!

Bass part:

Val - ley of De - cis - ion, Peace on our fields shine, like a proph-et's vis - ion.

Soprano and Alto parts:

God save the na - tion! God save the na - tion!

Thy char - iot near - ing! Thy char - iot near - ing!  
 Smite and de - liv - er! Smite and de - liv - er!

Bass part:

Green and e - ly - sian! Green and e - ly - sian!

## HOW IT MARCHES! THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

Composed by H. H. HAWLEY.

Arranged by GEO. F. ROOT.

*With Spirit.*

1. How it march - es! the Flag of the Un - ion, The
2. Oh! our boys love the Flag of the Un - ion, The
3. Sail - lors, too, love the Flag of the Un - ion, The
4. Uncle Sam loves the Flag of the Un - ion, The



dear old Flag of the Un - ion, And our bo ooms swell with pride, While we  
 dear old Flag of the Un - ion, In the front of ev -'ry fight, 'Mid the  
 dear old Flag of the Un - ion, They have nail'd it firm and fast To the  
 dear old Flag of the Un - ion, And a - mid the loss we mourn, Says in

see it float-ing wide O - ver all as the Flag of the Un - ion.  
 bat - tle's lu - rid light, They have died for the Flag of the Un - ion,  
 top of ev -'ry mast, For their joy is the Flag of the Un - ion,  
 thun - der tones so stern, "All shall hon - or the Flag of the Un - ion."

## CHORUS.

How it march - es! the Flag of the Un - ion. The

How it march - es! the Flag of the Un - ion, The

Musical score for the first part of "How It Marches! The Flag of the Union". The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are soprano voices, the third is a bassoon, and the bottom is a basso continuo. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in common time. The lyrics are:

dear old Flag of the Un - ion, It shall float in pow'r and pride, O - ver  
dear old Flag of the Un - ion, It shall float in pow'r and pride, O - ver

Musical score for the second part of "How It Marches! The Flag of the Union". The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are soprano voices, the third is a bassoon, and the bottom is a basso continuo. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in common time. The lyrics are:

all the land so wide Ev - er-more as the Flag of the Un - ion.  
all the land so wide Ev - er-more as the Flag of the Un - ion.

## WAKE NICODEMUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

*In exact time.*

1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri-can birth, And was bought for a bag - ful of  
 2. He was known as a proph - et—at least was as wise—For he told of the bat - tles to

gold; He was reckon'd as part of the salt of the earth, But he died years a-go, ver - y  
 come; And we trembled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes, And we heeded the shake of his

old. 'Twas his last sad request, so we laid him away In the trunk of an old  
thumb. Tho' he cloth'd us with fear, yet the garments he wore, Were in patch-es at ei-

hol-low tree, "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day, Wake me  
bow and knee; And he still wears his suit that he used to of yore, As he

## CHORUS.

up for the great Jn-bi- lee!" The "Good time coming" is al - most here! It was  
sleeps in the old hol-low tree.

The "Good time coming" is al - most here! It was

long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell E - li - jah to hurry up Pomp, And  
 long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell E - li - jah to hurry up Pomp, And

meet us at the gumtree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o-de - mus to - day.  
 meet us at the gumtree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o-de - mus to - day.

## 3.

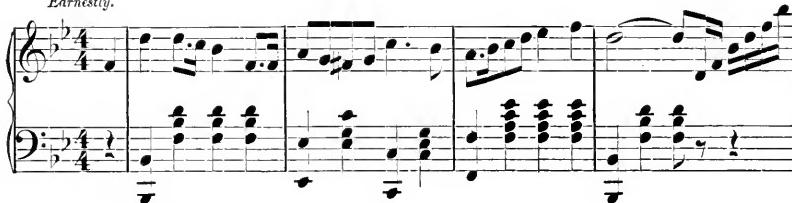
Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,  
 Though the bullet has oft crossed his path ;  
 There were none of his masters so brave or so rash,  
 As to face such a man in his wrath.  
 Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim  
 He obeyed who was born to command ;  
 But he long'd for the morning which then was so dim,  
 For the morning which now is at hand.

## 4.

'Twas a long weary night—we were almost in fear,  
 That the future was more than he knew ;  
 'Twas a long weary night—but the morning is near,  
 And the words of our prophet are true.  
 There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone,  
 There are tokens in endless array ;  
 While the storm which had seemingly banish'd the  
 Only hasten the advent of day. [dawn.]

## COLUMBIA'S CALL.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Earnestly.*

1. O, come, brothers, all, 'tis Co - lum-bia's earnest call, To make her neo-ple one a -  
 2. O! dark was the day when we met in dead - ly fray, Di - vid-ing armies, friends and  
 3. O, fair suiles the dawn, now the shades of night are gone, The dawn-ing we have long'd to



- gain; Let none stand a-loof from the old pa - ter - nal roof, Whose  
 fleets; O, wild was the wail that rang out o'er hill and dale, As  
 see, When truth shall pre-vail, and our joy - ful an-thems hail, The

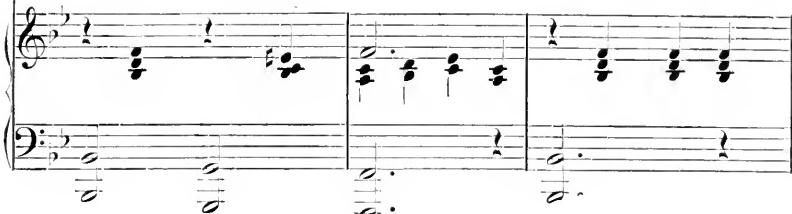




shel - ter ne'er is sought in vain;      Glo - rious the fu -ture ris - ing o'er us.  
mourners went a - bout the streets;      Now that the bat - tle rage is o - ver,  
glo - ry of the brave and free;      Come, then, O, North and South,u - ni - ted,



Bless - ed the e - ra draw - ing nigh;      Then join heart and hand for the  
Now that the min - ute guns are cold,      O, haste, knit a - gain what the  
Come, then, O, East and West as one;      Re - joice in the light which has



weal of fath - er-land,      Wher - e'er the star - ry ban - ners fly.  
sword hath cleft in twain,      Be friends and broth - ers as of old.  
chased a - way the night,      And her - alds now the ris - ing sun.



## CHORUS.

Glo - rious the fu -ture ris - ing o'er us, Bless - ed the e - ra draw-ing  
 Glo - rious the fu -ture ris - ing o'er us, Bless - ed the e - ra  
 Glo - rious the fu -ture ris - ing o'er us, Bless - ed the e - ra  
 Glo - rious the fu -ture ris - ing o'er us, Bless - ed the e - ra

Glo - rious the fu -ture ris - ing o'er us, Bless - ed the e - ra

nigh; Then join heart and hand for the weal of fath - er - land,  
 draw - ing nigh; Then join heart and hand for the weal of fath - er - land,  
 draw - ing nigh; Then join heart and hand for the weal of fath - er - land,  
 draw - ing nigh; Then join heart and hand for the weal of fath - er - land,

draw - ing nigh; Then join heart and hand for the weal of fath - er - land,

Where - e'er the star - ry ban - ners fly.  
 Where - e'er the star - ry, star - ry ban - ners fly.  
 Where - e'er the star - ry ban - ners fly, the star - ry ban - ners fly.  
 Where - e'er the star - ry ban - ners fly.

Where - e'er the star - ry ban - ners fly.

## WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT?

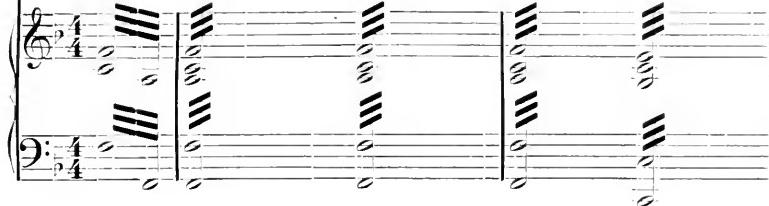
## DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

*Recitando.*

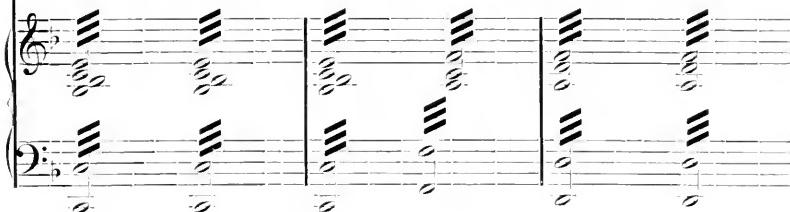
Root.



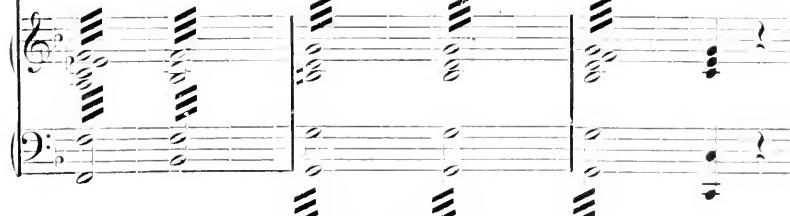
Thro' two long days the bat - tle raged In front of Mur-frees - bo - ro, And  
trillolo.



cannon balls tore up the earth As ploughs turn up the furrow Brave soldiers by the hundred fell In



fierce assault and sadly While bursting shell hiss'd, screamed and fell like demons in the valley, The



Northman, and the Southron met, In bold de-fiant manner, Now vict'ry perch'd on Union flag, And

now on rebel banner; But see! upon the Union's left, Bear down in countless numbers, With

shouts that seem to wake the hills From their eternal slumbers, The rebel hosts, whose i-ron rain Beats

down our weaker forces, And covers all the hattle plain With torn and mangled corses; Still

onward press the re-bel hords More boldly, fiercer, faster, But Negley's practiced eye descerns The

swift and dread disaster, "Who'll save the left," his voice rang out Above the roar of battle, "The

Nineteenth" shouted Colonel Scott, Amid the muskets rattle "The Nineteenth be it, Make the charge!"

Quick as the words was given, The Nineteenth fell up on the foe, As lightning falls from heaven.

*Con Fuoco.*

O - ver the stream they went, in - to the fight,

Cut-ting their way on the left and the right, Unheed-ing the storm of the

"WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT?"

219.

shot and the shell, Un - heed - ing the fate of their comrades who fell,

On - ward they sped like the fierce lightning's flash, On - ward they sped with a

tor - na - do's crash, On - ward they sped like the bolts of the thun - der, Re-

sist - less-ly crush-ing the reb - el hosts un - der, "Till wild in their ter - ror they

*Slow.*

seat - ter'd and fled, Leaving heaps up - on heaps of their dy - ing and dead, And the

shout that went up with the set of the sun, Told the charge was triumphant, the

great bat - le won: Told the charge was tri - um - phant, the great bat - le won.

## WHO SHALL RULE THIS AMERICAN NATION?

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORKE.



1. Who shall rule this A -  
2. Who shall rank as the  
3. Shall we tar - nish our

- mer - i - can Na - tion? Say, boys, say! Who shall sit in the  
fam - i - ly roy - al? Say, boys, say! If not those who are  
na - tion - al glo - ry? Say, boys, say! Blot one line from the

lof - ti - est sta - tion? Say, boys, say! Shall the men who  
hon - est and loy - al? Say, boys, say! Then shall one e -  
won-der - ful sto - ry? Say, boys, say! Did we vain ly

tram - pled on the ban - ner? They who now their coun - try would be - tray?  
- lect - ed as our ser - vant, In his pride, as - sume a re - gal sway?  
shed our blood in bat - tle? Did our troops re - sult - less win the day?

They who mur - der the in - no - cent freed - men? Say, boys, say!  
Must we bend to a hu - man Dic - ta - tor? Say, boys, say!  
Was our time and our treasure all squander'd? Say, boys, say!

## CHORUS.

*ff*

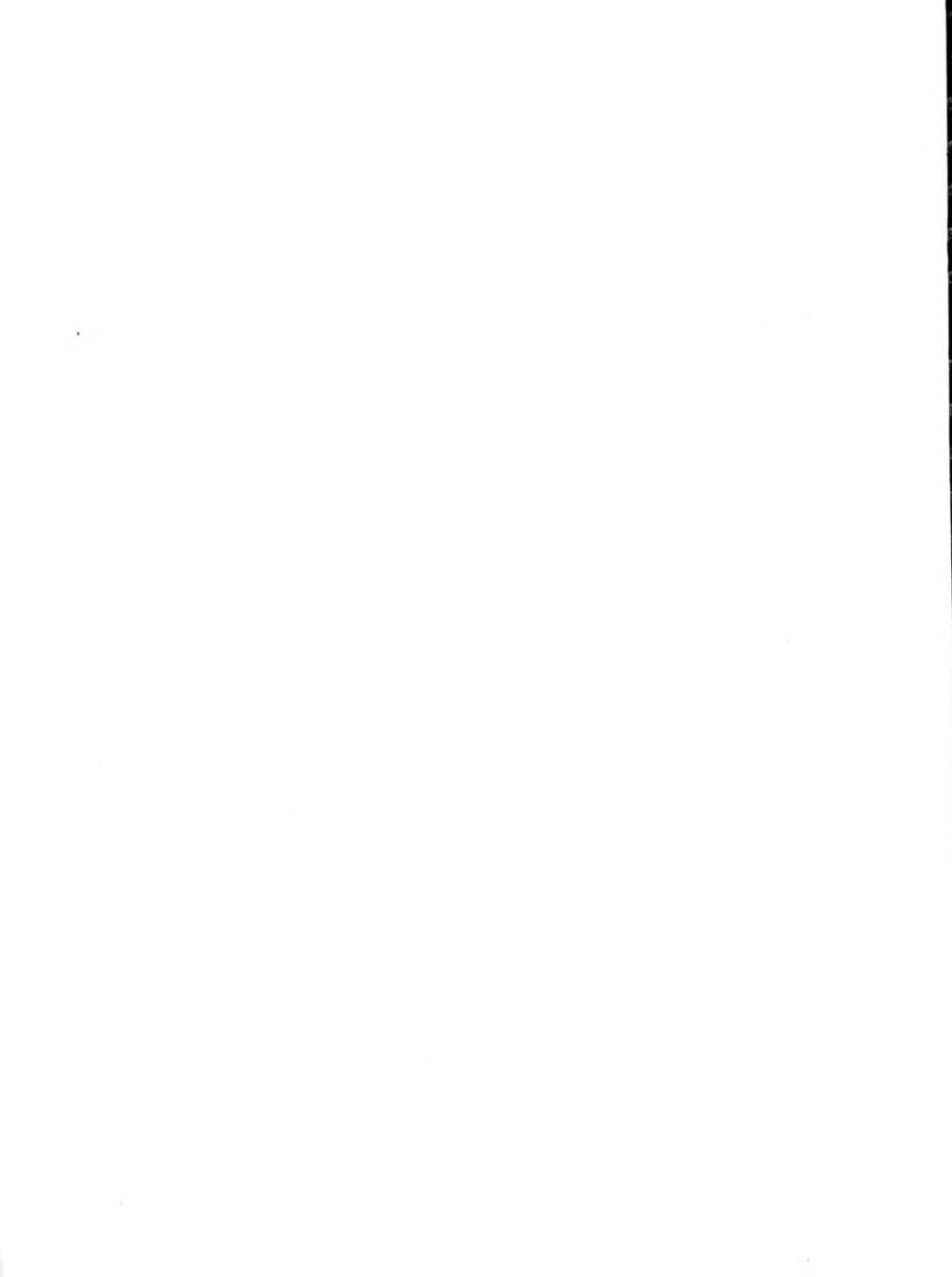
"No, never! no, never?" The loy - al mil - lions say; And 'tis  
 "No, never! no, never?" The loy - al mil - lions say; And 'tis

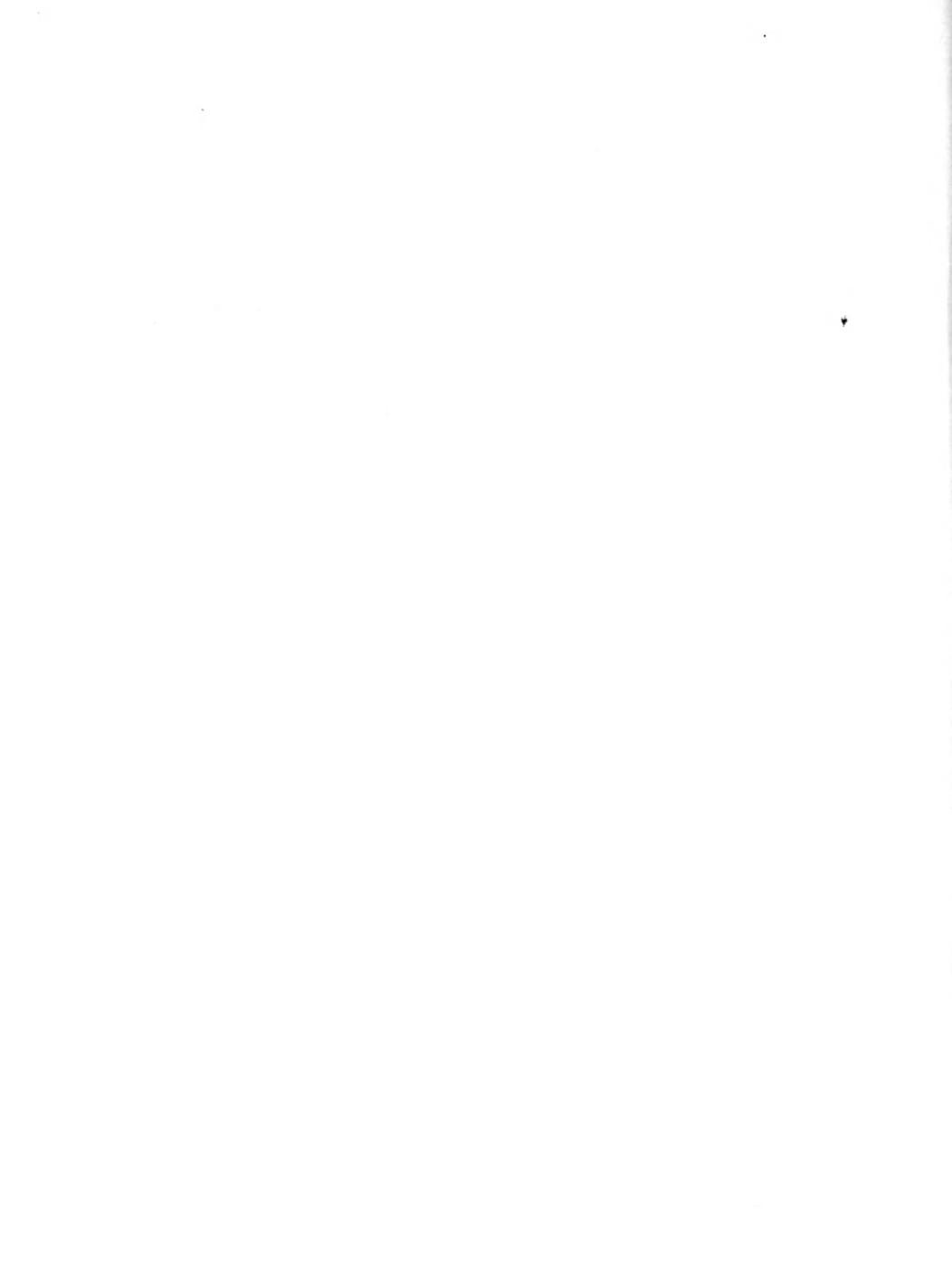
they who rule this A-mer - i-can Na-tion! They, boys, they!  
 they who rule this A-mer - i-can Na-tion! They, boys, they!

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